

## THE ATHENÆUM

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## REVIEWS

*Excursions in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; including Notices of the State of Public Opinion in those Countries, and Anecdotes of their Courts.* By Robert Bremner, Esq. 2 vols. Colburn.

We confess we feel lively apprehensions lest the powers of steam which have been turned of late years with so much address to the purposes of locomotion, should be also applied by some nice contrivance to the production of travellers' narratives. The machine-authorship would probably surpass in exterior polish, and certainly could not be more shallow or unsubstantial than the hand-manufactured volumes of the present day. If such a consummation should take place, then criticism, too, must be driven by a high-pressure engine. In fact, the multiplication of books of travels of the most flimsy texture goes on so rapidly that the time is close at hand when any well-informed person may, without stirring beyond the precincts of his library and boudoir, give the world an account of his peregrinations, quite as instructive and as much impressed with the characters of life and reality as most of the Journals published now-a-days. Here is Mr. Bremner, who favoured the public, in the course of last spring, with an account of his excursions in Russia. We complained at the time (see *Athenæum*, Nos. 589, 590) of his excessive loquacity; we said that he was superficial; that he covered the ground too fast, and also the paper; that he made very rapid journeys and very large volumes. Yet now he comes forward bowing, and says, with a smile by way of preface, that he ascribes the success of his former volumes to the praises bestowed on them by the literary press; the volumes, forsooth, were good, but in vain would they have spread their sheets to the breeze if the propitious cherubs of the weekly and monthly choirs had not puffed them forward on their course. To one so sensible of kindness it would be an ill-judged economy to refuse credit for the merit he possesses. We acknowledge, therefore, that Mr. Bremner is an agreeable writer of the light kind, with a facility of pen capable of stocking, in a short time, a subscription library. His volumes are easily read by a practised eye; a single glance at each page suffices; they may be perused à ricochets with great fidelity. He seems to be animated by the spirit of enjoyment; an air of hilarity and good-humour therefore prevails throughout his pages. His remarks on the nations visited by him are, with a few exceptions, liberal and kindly; but, as opinions, they are always precipitate, and betoken little more than the author's feelings of satisfaction. But let us hasten forward and join our author as he joyfully prepares to quit the bustle of the sugar-baking, money-making city of Hamburg. At ten o'clock at night he commenced his journey in the manner described as follows:—

"We had imagined that our travelling escort through Holstein would consist of only one large and lonely vehicle, in which we might sleep away our night-journey across this drowsy region as lazily and peacefully as even the fattest of Hanseatic burghers could desire. Great, therefore, was our surprise to find, in addition to the stately diligence, a goodly tail of cars, diligies, glass-coaches, and nondescripts, paraded in the narrow street as lengthily and as heterogeneously as the godliest tail, political or vehicular, to be seen in any part of Christendom. In explanation of this display, it must be stated that however small may be the number of travellers leaving Hamburg on other nights of the week, on the evenings preceding the days on which the steamer leaves Kiel for the Danish capital, the concourse of passengers is so great, that the huge carriage, called,

by way of pre-eminence, the diligence, must be reinforced by every variety of transport that the city can muster. From the lumbering *eit-wagen* to the rickety arm-chair, all are in demand. Such is the march of travelling in these restless times. Not many years have elapsed, when any person intending to traverse Holstein had to wait several days before he could get a companion to share his carriage—but now, the case is completely reversed; thanks to good roads and regular steam-boats, the traveller finds so many competitors, that, if he neglect to engage a place betimes, he must endure the honour of bringing up the rear of some long procession, like that just described, in, it may be, a crazy luggage car, without roof to cover him or bench to sit on."

Notwithstanding the increased intercourse overland between Kiel and Hamburg, the good Holsteiners have as yet made but little progress in the arts of travelling, and the stranger is obliged to change his vehicle three or four times in the course of a journey of sixty miles. As the territories of Denmark are interposed between the Hanse towns Hamburg and Lubeck, the communication between these is under the control of that kingdom, which seems to have completely defeated the long entertained project of a railway between the Hanse towns, connecting the Elbe and Baltic. It is not, perhaps, so much for the sake of Kiel that the Danish government is so averse to that undertaking, as for fear that the transmission of merchandise to Lubeck by the railway, might reduce the number of ships visiting the Baltic, and consequently the duties paid at Elsinore, which constitute a large item of the Danish revenue. Mr. Bremner informs us that there is little wood in Holstein; that the neat hedges of low stone fences, have an English look. We have always entertained the belief that Holstein is the part of Europe in which the old-fashioned agriculture has been carried to its greatest perfection; where there is the greatest quantity of fine, umbrageous, park timber; and we have been used to consider as the characteristic of that country, the height of its green hedges, which completely hide the scenery from the traveller on the road. Our author's description does not square with our preconceived notions; but, when we consider that his only acquaintance with Holstein was made in a journey across it during the night, we cannot help thinking that he describes the whole principality from the parish in which he opened his eyes at sunrise. Kiel, and the other little towns of this part of the world, join the extreme neatness of the polished substantial towns of Holland to purer air, great amenity of surrounding landscape, and the superior adornment of a civilized, happy, and extremely well-looking population. Perhaps our author may quarrel with us for calling them civilized; at least, in his account of their learned men, (for he studied their literature also in the course of his nocturnal journey,) he deals out to them but a sparing meed of praise: yet, as he forgets to enumerate among the learned Holsteiners the two Niebuhrs—the great father, and the greater son, the latter of whom has done for history as much as Copernicus did for astronomy—we feel justified in refusing implicit submission to his judgment. The British islands, the active foci of speculation and practical improvement, have supplied an energetic spirit, it appears, even to this quiet nook of the continent:—

"The person now universally considered the best agriculturist in the province is an Irish gentleman who labours on the system pursued in Scotland. With other domestic importations from that economical country, he wisely brought over such a large stock of industry and thrift, that his marvellous innovations form the subject of general talk among the natives, who, without absolutely going the length of considering him in league with the evil one, very generally believe that some strange spirit aids him in devising such machines as no mere earthly farmer

could ever have dreamt of without mysterious aid. Some of them, however, are beginning to suspect that, after all, the great secret of this warlock's prosperity lies in his method with servants, his early hours, and general activity in superintending everything with the master's eye. His property is situated near Lubeck, and is about 1,400 acres in extent. It was purchased on moderate terms, and repays his outlay so advantageously, that others possessed of equal activity and intelligence, have every temptation to follow him to this new, and, as yet, not over-crowded country."

The voyage from Kiel to the Danish capital, among the islands, is, in summer, delightful. The island of Amager, or Amak, a low tract, about three times the size of the Isle of Dogs, lies in front of Copenhagen, which, however, it does not conceal. It was peopled above two centuries ago by a colony from North Holland, whose posterity still retain their picturesque many-coloured costume, as well as their habits of industry and good husbandry. But, as our author shines in description, we shall extract his account of his approach to the capital of Denmark:—

"Our sail for the last two hours was one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. The impressions were so new and lively that none of us can forget the excitement of the scene. All were struck by beauties of which they had previously heard so little; and all acknowledged that the first appearance of Copenhagen is among the finest in the world. Only one or two of the capitals of Europe make so gallant a show on approaching them. The Danish capital in fact is a complete triumph of art and taste; it is beautiful in spite of its position, which is perhaps the worst imaginable, yet with such admirable skill are its buildings grouped, that it looks finer than some cities which enjoy the advantage of magnificent situations. Nature has here done little, man a great deal. In the city itself, towers, some light, some massive; in the basins, masts tapering and graceful; on the heights behind, trees of great size and beauty: and along the flat shore, dense masses of foliage already in summer splendour: such at first are the only objects standing out from the huge piles of building, till ere long these masses break down into palaces, churches, and fortresses. By and by we distinguish, in front, ramparts and moles, stretching far out into the sea: while new life is added to the scene, by the many ships from every country waiting in the roadstead for a favourable breeze to get up the Baltic, or swiftly shooting on for the Sound. Elsinore, too, with literary recollections endearing it to every Englishman, is in sight. The more distant coast of Sweden, with the houses of Malmo, are sparkling in the setting sun. While here before us, just as we enter the noble file of ships lined out from the harbour as if to grace our arrival, the little landing-place and rampart-walk are covered with thousands of holiday idlers come to witness the entrance of a steamer—and a fine display they make, all in their gayest attire."

We shall not delay our readers with Mr. Bremner's enumeration of the works of Thorwaldsen which now adorn the Danish capital; nor shall we devote ourselves to the supererogatory labour of correcting his mistake, in saying that the great sculptor is the only man of eminent ability which Denmark has produced in modern times. Does he not know that Rask was a Dane, and likewise Malte-Brun, who has left no equal behind him in his department of learning? It would be more discreet in travellers to avoid altogether advertizing to the literature of countries, of the languages of which they acknowledge themselves wholly ignorant. To be sure, our author discovered that there is a resemblance between the Scottish dialect and Danish; so that good Scotch, he says, is bad Danish:—no doubt, it is very bad Danish. In like manner, it is thought on our eastern coast, that mumbled English makes Dutch; and we have even known a cockney, who imagined that by mimicing his native tongue he made a step towards speaking

French. We must now pay a hasty visit to the royal castle of Fredericksborg, situate on a small lake, not far from Copenhagen:—

"This fabric, though dating only from the time of Frederick IV., is admired as one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture now existing in Europe. Its extensive courts cover several islands so completely, and the walls rise from water of such depth all round, that, at first, it seems to spring from the bottom of the lake itself, without the support of intervening island or rock of any kind. The resounding drawbridge, and massive portcullis, form a fit prologue to a feudal palace, after passing which, we had still several corridors to traverse before coming to the principal pile. • • Here little has been injured by time. It is such a green and perfect specimen of a taste now passed away, that we gaze with wonder on its assemblage of pointed windows, lofty turrets, and frowning bastions, enlivened with stiff stately figures of other days, in marble and stone, looking coldly down on the modern intruders. The castellan now appeared, and by the amount of the fee, a fixed sum for each party of visitors, which he demanded, raised our expectations not a little of the marvels which his keys would open up to us within this fair exterior. We first visited the beautiful chapel in which the kings of Denmark are crowned. It is one of the finest sights we have ever seen—quite a Gothic gem. The eye scarcely reaches the airy vault, and so profuse are the carvings on seats and walls, that it is some time before we select a particular object on which to admire the elaborate richness of the work. Among the various objects, the altar soon fixes the attention. It is lofty and of most beautiful design, with pinnacles and carvings in the richest style of Gothic art: the front consists almost entirely of massive silver, highly polished, laid on the darkest ebony."

Cronenborg Castle, at Elsinore, is a structure equally remarkable, though of different character. It is, according to our author, the most beautiful of all the Gothic structures now remaining entire in Europe, with the exception perhaps of Windsor Castle. The elegance of its proportions give it, notwithstanding its great extent, the light and graceful air of a building raised wholly for ornament, yet it is a strong and substantial fortress, projecting into the sea, garnished with scarps, ditches, stockades, and completely commanding the Sound in every direction. In this castle was confined the unfortunate Matilda, sister of our George III., and wife of Christian VII., through whose cruel jealousy she died broken-hearted at the early age of twenty-three. This ill-fated young queen wrote with a diamond on the window of one of her apartments, in Fredericksborg Castle, line from Shakespeare—

Lord, keep me innocent; make others great.

That pane of glass is now guarded from injury by wire. But to return to Elsinore, how could our inquisitive traveller visit that classic spot, without seeking out some relic of the great dramatist's 'Prince of Denmark'? It is true that the good people of the place have no tradition whatever of Prince Hamlet; yet our zealous author was confident that he found the haunts and the grave of the royal Dane, close to the site of the modern palace of Marienlyst; and on what ground does he arrive at this conclusion? Why, because that palace "stands literally in view of such a height as that described by Horatio, in the words—

But look, the morn in russet mantle clad

Walks o'er the dewy yon high eastern hill.

Land indeed (the coast of Sweden) may be seen to the eastward from that castle, but certainly no high hill; nor is there any justness in the supposition, that Shakespeare thought of painting the scenery of Elsinore. Will Mr. Bremner say, whether he saw on that low coast any rocks like those described by Horatio, when he speaks of

— the dreadful summit of the cliff

That beetles o'er his base into the sea?

And again—

The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into every brain,  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.

But enough of this. Although our author did find scratched on a stone, by some cockney hand, "Here lies Hamlet, Prince of Denmark and Norway," we still remain incredulous; not being over desirous to locate forcibly the creations of poetry, which is itself so well able

to give to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.

We shall pass over Mr. Bremner's discussion of the knotty question of the Sound Dues, and the commercial system of the Baltic. His assertion that the Danes, notwithstanding certain painful recollections, are attached to England, appears not entitled to much attention. He did not possess the language of the country, and even if he did, he could not have immediately penetrated the mask of courtesy, nor could he have told at once the little circumstances which determine for the moment the unstable current of popular liking. If our author's anecdote be true, that the king of Denmark shows a marked dislike to British naval officers, we find it hard to reconcile such a proof of weakness of mind with his Majesty's general reputation for good sense and generous feelings. One paragraph of our author's political reflections, we quote as a proof of his candour; premising, that he is, as he informs us in his preface, a Conservative:—

"Regarding the state of public opinion among the Danes, one fact struck us very remarkably—viz. that, in reference to the two parties which divide English society, their sympathy is exclusively with the *liberal* one. Let his own political leanings be what they may, every candid traveller will attest that this partiality prevails here more strongly even than in other foreign countries. It would not perhaps be difficult to account for this leaning, now universal on the continent; but we are at present neither reasoning on it, nor inquiring whether it portends a wholesome state of public feeling abroad—all that we now seek to do is to record the fact, that—whatever be the reason, or whatever the consequences it may lead to—universally, even under the most monarchical governments, there is no fellow feeling with the strictly Conservative party in Great Britain. The names of Peel and Stanley are known only to the few, while those of Brougham and Russell are familiar 'as household words' all over the continent."

The only symptom of an anti-liberal (we could almost call it an illiberal) feeling in our author's pages, is his disposition to place himself in direct opposition to the opinions of Mr. Laing, whom he evidently has in his eye as often as he alludes to the misapprehensions of former travellers in Scandinavia. We have given it as our opinion, (see *Athenæum*, No. 593,) that Mr. Laing imbibed during his residence in Norway, something of the bitterness of national feeling, which unfitted him in some degree to be an impartial observer of Sweden, and rendered his account of the latter kingdom so much inferior to his delightful volume on Norway. But though we condemned in him a disposition to disparage Sweden, we do not therefore mean to commend a writer, who far more rapid in his movements, and more superficial in his habits of observing than Mr. Laing, thinks fit to balance the account between the two nations by crying down Norway, and finding Sweden all perfection. But before we fly over Norway with him, we must hear his account of a very remarkable personage whom he met with in Göttingen. This was Mr. Lloyd, the author of 'Field Sports of the North of Europe,' who resides near Lake Venern, in the interior of Sweden, about sixty miles from the coast:—

"Before seeing our frank countryman (says our author), we had figured him to ourselves a gruff savage of the wild, a sort of man of the woods, whose talk would be solely of bears; but we found him as mild and gentlemanly in manners as in appearance,

and as intelligent on other subjects as on his daily sports. He was in true sportsman's *dishabille*, with pistols, guns, powder-flasks, fishing-rods, English newspapers, &c., strewed about his apartment in becoming confusion. He is a very good-looking man, with a fine expressive face, and pale, but healthy complexion. He must be about forty-five years of age, but his thin high temples and light hair contribute to give him a much more youthful expression. He has been represented as little, but, though not heavily made, is really tall and muscular. • • He is a remarkably acute, thinking man. He gets rapidly over his subjects, but seizes all the striking and useful points. He converses freely, but with great modesty, about his own exploits. All the world knows that he is the greatest extirpator of bears that ever existed, having probably killed more of them with his own hand than any ten hunters now alive. Nor are his deeds to be undervalued, as mere idle amusement; in amusing himself, he is conferring a great benefit on his neighbours, who suffer inconceivable damage from the destruction of cattle, &c., by the bears. So considerable are the losses sustained in this way, that the Governor of Wermeland, the province in which he resides, in a report to government of the destruction occasioned by bears and other wild animals, states that no less than 1603 oxen and sheep had been destroyed within his bounds in a single year. Whoever helps, therefore, to deliver the community from such serious losses, is a public benefactor; and as such the Swedish government regards Mr. Lloyd, who has been honoured with the personal attentions of the king, and holds some honorary situation from his majesty. • • Short as our intercourse with the peasants had been, we remarked that they all look on our countryman as a kind of hero—a second Hercules. Wondrous are the tales told by the winter-hearth of his courage and his long wanderings in the forest, without companion, without shelter, without covering, and—what to them is most marvellous of all—without food. They cannot imagine how a human being should be able to live as they see him do when in their excursions together, on only one meal in the twenty-four hours; nor have they any wish to be placed in circumstances which would make it desirable to be able to imitate another quality which he is said to possess, that of having the power to take enough of food at once to support him for several days."

Our author does ample justice to the romantic country forming the frontier of Norway. He likes to show how much he can make of a good scene. But, alas! for the poor Norwegians. Their literature, he tells us, is very low; and this he ascribes to the too great abundance of periodical literature: an opinion resting on the metaphor that the intellectual soil is exhausted by repeated cropping. Yet he complains of the want of newspapers. "To be sure," he adds, with much naïveté, "we could not have read it, had we got one; but to the traveller there is always some satisfaction even in looking at a newspaper, though he understands nothing more than the title and printer's name." It is laughable to hear Mr. Bremner dissenting on the difference between the Swedish and Norse languages, while he remains quite ignorant of the fact that the latter hardly differs from the Danish. He informs us also, that while in Germany the Roman character is now much employed, in Sweden and Norway the Gothic character is alone used. This is, however, quite a mistake: in Scandinavia the Gothic character has been almost completely supplanted by the Roman. The works of all modern writers—Tegner, Gejer, Fryxell, &c.—are all printed in Roman letters. The charge of general incorrectness applies to our author's examples of, as well as to his strictures on, the Swedish language.

The descriptions of Norwegian scenery which we find here are pleasing enough, but they want nevertheless the simplicity and breadth of manner necessary to produce a striking effect in verbal painting. The chaos of wild rocks, foaming cataracts, and dark forests, needs not to be enlarged on; the multiplication of details detracts

from its grandeur. We shall therefore hasten to leave a country which our author, with very insufficient reason, taxes with immorality; in which the sabbath, he says, is ill observed; for the Norwegians not only buy lobsters, but even amuse themselves on a Sunday. Nay, he goes much farther; for after describing the Storting, or parliament of Norway, as an assembly of practical men who sensibly and assiduously perform their public duties—after telling us that the name of the Lagthing means “Division” (it means the Law-committee), and after acknowledging the prosperity of the kingdom, he proceeds to say that the Norwegians are not fitted for the measure of freedom which they enjoy. This is a remarkably audacious assertion from a flimsy writer who is in general prudent enough to keep a middle course in his opinions. Have the Norwegians, in any single instance, abused their liberty? Are nations which have been free from time immemorial, to be now deprived of freedom, just in order that slavery may fit them for it? But our author, through fear of appearing to tread in the steps of Mr. Laing, has bounded off to the very verge of illiberality and absurdity. He certainly has not attended to his own wise admonitions conveyed as follows:—

“Once more, then, gentlemen travellers, use your ears as well as your eyes. If you do not wish to trifle a whole people, court the conversation of the intelligent. Correct your own rash inferences by their matured experience. As none know the manners of a country so well as the people of that country, a single grain of their solid knowledge is worth a whole bushel of your flimsy impressions.”

Returning into Sweden, Mr. Bremner visited Dalecarlia,—a name unknown to the Swedes, who call the country so named by foreigners, Dalerna, or the Valleys. He touches but lightly on the peculiarities of the mining district, which has, however, been amply described by Thomson and other men of science. The greatest part of the capital of Sweden is embarked in these mines of copper and iron, yet we have been informed, through a proprietor of the Swedish mines, that there is a single mine in Cornwall which produces more metal than all those round Falun put together. From Dannemora, where our author descended into the celebrated mines of iron,—nearly all of which, we believe, is consumed in England in the manufacture of fine cutlery and steel springs—he went to Upsal, where he had the good luck to make a discovery which gives an unusual interest to his narrative. He sought the house of Linneus for some time in vain; at length he found his way towards it, and, while looking dubiously at the object of his search, was invited in by a lady, who told him that he should see not only the house, but the daughter also, of Linneus. This was an unexpected piece of intelligence, negligent biographers having stated that the family of Linneus had become extinct so long since as 1783. Let us hear his own account, however, of the visit:—

“On ascending the stair, however, our doubts were completely dispelled. The lady who had first addressed us now spoke a little English, on discovering what country we belonged to, and ushered us into a neat little carpeted parlour, where we found the personage in question, Louisa von Linne herself, seated in a high-backed arm-chair, in company with another lady. Her appearance was highly interesting, but indicated a degree of feebleness both bodily and mental, which her eighty-seven years but too amply justified. Her grey silk gown and crimped cap spoke of a bygone taste, but were in excellent keeping with her venerable age; while the tidy look of everything about her indicated the unforgotten habits of order and cleanliness in which she had been trained. She attempted to rise when we approached, and seemed highly gratified on learning that we were all from such far countries, and had come in search of her father’s house, out of regard to his great fame. Her speech is almost gone, but she still follows atten-

tively all that is said. The sharp scrutinizing glance which she cast at each of us ere she consented to give us a pinch from her silver snuff-box, was highly amusing. We might be relic-hunters—such seemed to be the thought passing in her mind—and would not restore it. The extended hand was almost withdrawn—but a second survey removed her suspicion, and the antique implement made its circuit from one to the other of us with all the reverence due to the name which it bore. Our visit evidently gave her great pleasure; it seemed as though she had never known the extent of her father’s fame: she could scarcely understand how people from such distant countries could know or have heard aught about a Swedish professor. The other ladies were obligingly communicative, and mentioned that the fortune left by her father was so considerable, that she has been able to retain all her life the country seat purchased by him, which is so near that she spends a great part of the year there. As we took her hand at parting, and felt the sands of life ebbing so fast that a few weeks might lay her by his side, we rejoiced that our idle visit had shed a glimmer of joy over the last hours of a great man’s child.”

This lady died on the 21st of last March, at the venerable age of ninety. Her fortune descended to two ladies, grand-daughters of Linneus. From this portrait of the descendant of a great man, we turn to the portrait of an eminent philosopher still living, and whose additions to the pyramid of science are perhaps of a more stable though less brilliant character than those made by the great botanist.

“When Berzelius returned he received us with great cordiality. We were much struck with his appearance—judging by the appearance of some of the German savans, we had expected to find him an odd out-of-the-way kind of being; but he is totally devoid of affectation either in dress or manner. Men of eminence in Germany startle the stranger in quite a different way; they may look like men of genius, but would seldom be mistaken for men of sense. Their pale faces, long ‘unkempt’ locks, and antiquated garments afford the most complete contrast to the healthy looks and unaffected bearing of this Swedish rival. In fact, from his dress, ease of manner, and total want of pretension, he might pass in any society in Europe, not for Berzelius the great chemist, but Berzelius the well-bred gentleman. In place of Dr. Faustus’ garments, he sports a smart carriage cap, silk vest, and blue coat, very like those of ordinary mortals. He is a well-made, good-looking man, of the middle size, rather stout than otherwise, but with nothing in his appearance to make us suspect that he had gout, and found it necessary to drink chalybeate water. In a visit to Paris, the preceding summer, they had tried to kill him with kindness, but judging by his looks, we should say, he will survive many such assaults; he travels much, and proposed an early visit to Copenhagen. If his manner be unaffected, his conversation is equally so: it has nothing of the *shop* about it. Not that he shunned—for that in him would have been affectation of the worst kind—all allusion to his own science. Part of the conversation (which was carried on chiefly in English with the aid of an occasional theft from German), turned on *our* eminent scientific men; and nothing could have been more becoming than the liberality with which he praised these his worthy fellow-labourers. Faraday, Buckland, Sedgwick, Jameson, all came in for the deserved meed of approbation; but the Wernerians of course did not escape without a gentle pat. When he remarked that their warm attachment to the principles of their school, was in a great measure attributable to their affection for its head, whom his pupils worshipped as a kind of deity, and, therefore, regarded every departure from his lessons as sacrilege—it struck us that the same may soon be said of himself and of his school. His pupils revere him with boundless affection; but they must expect in their turn to be termed ‘antiquated.’”

With these pleasing delineations in our mind we shall close our author’s volumes. His comments on the character of the Swedes, and moral condition of the country, betray a perverse determination to hold original opinions, without much or accurate information. Unhappily, the

too frequent habit of discoursing on politics in the most superficial manner, and for the secondary purposes of society, has the effect of dissociating in many minds political themes from the effort of reasoning; and many persons, who show common sense on other topics, are blindly awed in this by the impulses of groundless antipathies and partialities.

*Memoirs of Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans.*  
By Mrs. Cornwell Baron-Wilson. 2 vols. Colburn.

Harriot Mellon, a plebeian of the lowest caste, by becoming Duchess of St. Albans, exposed herself to all the jealousy of the rank she invaded; and by her acquirement of immense wealth, she excited no small degree of envy in her former equals, whom she left behind her in the race of life—she was, consequently, decried and derided by many. She became, likewise, by her sudden and strange elevation, a mark for all those who pander to the worst tastes of the most essentially vulgar part of the community, or seek perhaps to be bought off. She was, therefore, weekly ridiculed and calumniated in print. Her wealth, on the other hand, surrounded her with humble dependents, who became her unmeasured eulogists and puffers. No wonder, therefore, that the meteor, during the remainder of her life, became a miracle or a monster in the eyes of an unjudging multitude. But of all the enemies who assaulted her, and all those injudicious friends from whom men usually invoke the protection of heaven, none has laboured so effectually to make this lady ridiculous, as her extravagant eulogist, the author of the volumes before us.

This mismanagement of the case is the more obvious, because, in the materials collected for the publication were the elements for a palliation, at least, of much which has been alleged against the lady in question. Judging by the abstract rules of right, indeed, the example which the subject of this biography gave to the world in the leading features of her conduct was not matter of edification; but when Miss Mellon’s early life is fairly taken into account, when the circumstances in which she was born and reared are considered, and her education and her moral *environnage* weighed, it would not be very difficult to prove that, like most other persons, she was what those things made her: in other words, that her life was the ordinary mingled web of good and ill together; containing much that was indefensible, much that was simply absurd, but much too (in her earlier life, especially) that was commendable. An anomaly in society, and, in the most serious sense, a victim of the false position in which she stood, Harriot Mellon, in her career, offered no peculiar or novel example by which the world could derive profit, either in imitation or in avoidance: her life, therefore, was not due to history. That she ever occupied the prominent place before the public eye which made her an object of so much curiosity, was the pure result of that admiration of aristocracy, and mean adoration of wealth, which are the characteristics of the present generation. At her death, therefore, she should have been committed to the oblivion of the tomb; and the publication of her life, save as a question of mere pecuniary enterprise, would have been injudicious and unjustifiable.

We do not mean by this to assert that a biography of Miss Mellon could not have been made an interesting or a profitable work; no human life that can command attention is without its moral or its legitimate interest. In the hands of a German art-writer, her’s would have yielded matter for much curious speculation on the elements which go to the artistic character, and the results of self-culture. In those of an

enlightened and humane philosopher, it would have produced a useful commentary on the workings of conventional morality, and on the hollowness of many pretensions, to which the world too willingly submits. A biography thus composed, however, was not wanted by the public, or by its agents, the booksellers; and moreover, Mrs. Baron-Wilson is neither an writer nor a philosopher.

In the history of the Duchess of St. Albans, public attention has been principally turned to the caprice of fortune which elevated her from the stage, to all but unbounded wealth; and to the not unparalleled event which subsequently raised her to the highest honours of the peerage; but the revolution of the wheel which lifted her above the squalid and abject poverty of her infancy, to the comforts of a respectable professional station, is scarcely less worthy of note and study.

In this early portion of her career, there was less room for the lady's-maid morality which forms the nauseating offence of Mrs. Wilson's biography; and there are parts of her first volume full of characteristic and suggestive details. Of Miss Mellon's father, little is known, save that he died in her infancy. Her mother was the daughter of one of the class of Irish peasants called Cottiers—a class whose native temperament and acquired habits are admirably displayed in Mrs. Wilson's representation of this striking individual. Upon her temperament and on her habits education had made no inroads; for she received none, "beyond the church prayers, taught orally, and the traditional songs and poetry for which the Irish are famed." The Irish temperament is essentially artistic: it would astound those who have not thought on the subject, to enumerate the Irish actors, the authors, and the painters and statuaries, who figure as contributors to British eminence. It is not, therefore, surprising, that under the pressure of distress, Harriot's mother should have turned her attention to the stage,—still less so, that her intellectual genius found no higher post in the rudest itinerant troop, than that of dresser and wardrobe-keeper. To this mother the daughter owed, beyond doubt, her theatrical tendencies, and something also of her leading propensities in real life; and the following is Mrs. Wilson's description of her:—

"Judging from her industrious habits, but passionate character, as displayed afterwards, Mrs. Entwistle, as a girl, must have been one of those specimens of her countrywomen so frequently seen here, who destroy, in one minute of rage, the good character they have earned by a year's attention. Clever, shrewd, ambitious, artful, and charitable; warmly attached, yet passionate beyond control; good-natured, yet designing; friendly, yet abusive; she must have been one of the greatest anomalies of human nature. Loving her daughter to idolatry, she nevertheless took advantage of that daughter's generosity by false means. With but one steady aim through life, viz. the aggrandizement of her child, (which she pursued without deviating for any obstacle,) yet her cruelty towards poor Harriot was such as to endanger the girl's life many times, and even to inspire her with a dislike for existence under the harshness of her only relation. \* \* \* Mrs. Entwistle had been gifted with extraordinary personal beauty in her youth, which was evident from the traces remaining in her advanced life, and described by numbers who recollect her earlier. Strong natural sense, and a woman's quick observation, enabled her to acquire a certain tone of manners from the actresses whom she attended; and many good judges of manners, who had a prejudice against Mrs. Entwistle from the histories of her violence, were agreeably surprised at the quiet, well-bred demeanour she could assume in society, when after events enabled her to associate with a grade superior to her own."

Shortly after the death of Mr. Mellon, his widow united herself in second marriage with a

fiddler, named Entwistle, in his own person the orchestra of the starving troop, and a man described as of low and dissipated habits. The united earnings of the couple scarcely kept them above absolute want; and the simplest rudiments of education, doled out by fits and snatches, were the utmost they contrived to impart to their infant charge. As soon also as the services of the child could be made useful at the theatre, they were put into requisition; and thenceforward the green-room became her gymnasium and her college. Fifful and capricious as was the kindness of the Entwistles, hard as were their exactions, and revolting as were their habits, it abundantly appears that their daughter, in her earliest struggles and in her brightest prosperity, was alike unsparing in her devotion to them. Towards them, she demonstrated all the warmth of affection, and all the uncalculating generosity which belonged to her Irish blood. It may be, that habituated from infancy to their violent tempers, their extravagancies, and meannesses, she was not acutely sensible to their degradation; but it does not often happen that lowliness, when it attains to wealth and distinctions, is so very indifferent to the ridicule attached by its new associates to the having poor and vulgar connexions, or is so long-suffering on the score of incessant annoyances. Little, too, as the school in which Miss Mellon was bred was favourable to intellectual culture, it was still less so to moral training. It is, therefore, not more surprising that she should have attained to the station she occupied in a metropolitan theatre, than that she should have previously avoided all that is deplorable and hateful in a stroller's career.

But with such antecedents, it is impossible to conceive that the actress could have possessed exalted and dignified feelings, refined views of life (such as Mrs. Wilson has bestowed on her), or been wisely scrupulous in new and untried temptations. That she should have been laborious, charitable, cheerful, and good-humoured, was not incompatible with either her blood or education; but she could not have possessed anything heroic in her habits or disposition. Coarse and superficial notions on morals, a huckaback good-humour, an impulsive promptitude to ill-considered action, in good or in evil, were the necessitated results of her temperament and position. More could not have been justly expected of her; and a simple biography that had thus painted her would have been the kindest to her memory, and would have the most faithfully explained the undeniable overt acts which have rendered her, in our author's own words, "a nine days' wonder" with the unthinking and the weak.

By a judicious use of such materials, and a frank admission of the greater errors of the Duchess of St. Albans' career, it would have been possible, with truth and justice, to have made for her a tolerable defence. That a young woman accepts a doting octogenarian for a husband, and suffers him to bequeath her, in his dotage, the entire wealth which, of moral right, should have gone to his children, are circumstances which, however censurable, are neither new nor rare. There are but too many, we fear, acting or ready to act in this spirit; and this, too, without the temptations which beset the actress,—the experience of bitter poverty passed, the uncertainty and the hardships of theatrical life to come. A high-minded and truly independent person assuredly would not have yielded to such a temptation; but how seldom is such a character seen!

Where, then, is the ground for astonishment that the Miss Mellon, such as we must believe her to have been, should have done as so many other people do? The rarity is in the amount of the prize; the absurdity in the false varnish thrown over the transaction.

We know not, indeed, how far the uneducated actress should be made very deeply responsible even for those darker features of the case, which constitute its glaring outrage on society—the introduction of the children to the designated successor of their living parent, and the involving them, before the world, in the disgrace of that successor's equivocal position. Great pains are misapplied in these volumes to prove that the lady was not criminal in her union with the old man—a very minor consideration. If she was placed before the world in a position that justified the inference, the scandal was the same; and the worst feature of it lay in the part which the daughters are made to take in the transaction. It is to be observed, however, that these ladies were married women; and that if they and their husbands, for their own reasons, were content to associate with the actress, the actress is not to encounter alone the obloquy (whatever it may be) of such an association. In the great account between her and her aristocratic connexions, the balance of contempt for appearances will certainly not lie the most heavily against her.

If these circumstances, then, had been duly and honestly prepared—if the public had been let first into the secrets of Miss Mellon's early poverty, and of the moral atmosphere she had been condemned to breathe, the charity of the Christian might have been successfully invoked to judge the case without severity, and to have thrown much of the indignation which has been current in the world, upon the men and things which more thoroughly deserved it. But Mrs. Wilson has not been content with measuring her subject by the highest standards of morality, and of justifying by the most barefaced sophistry the acts themselves, and all their details,—attributing each as it occurs to the noblest and purest feelings and principles, perverting facts, and binding them to her hypothesis—she has even had the hardihood to prefix to the work a chapter on the abstract qualities of her imaginary heroine, and to startle her readers at the outset by an ideal portrait, which would be ridiculous for its caricature, even if it were not a tissue of assumptions and contradiction. Can anything be more offensive in language, or more absurd in its application, than the following?—

"Religion was the most remarkable and striking quality of her mind; and in the deep sense of its truth she was unostentatious as she was sincere. Points of faith were considered by her too serious for casual discussion, or for an introduction among lighter themes; and as no friendship can be permanent which is not based on a similitude of religious feelings between the parties, it is a valuable fact, that all her favourite friends, and both her husbands, were known to be remarkable for their devotional feelings. Her religious ideas were in strict accordance with the purest Christianity; they were well defined, and founded on much reflection and study of holy writ, strengthened by a lively faith in that mercy promised to those who act to the best of their power; they were aided too by prayer, and a feeling of universal toleration and charity towards every created being. At all times her mind was fully prepared for dissipation, which she frequently expected, often speaking of death without fear or repugnance; and the calm of her last hours, brightened by a confidence in immortality, and sullied by no fear, was a pattern how a Christian should await the inevitable summons 'with meekness, having a good conscience.' Her early exercises of solitary devotion and meditation were long and never omitted. The minute book of prayer and meditations of Queen Catherine Parr was always carried about her person. In these beautiful little effusions, the passages all bear strong affinity to her own position, in appeals for escape from its dangers and temptations."

We know not what may have been the provocations which occasioned the following clause in the Duchess's will; but, on the *prima facie* evidence, it is not indicative of that forgiveness of

injuries which is looked for in the testamentary dispositions of persons of deep religious feeling:—

"I do hereby declare my will to be, that if the said duke do and shall permit or suffer his uncle, Lord Amelius Beauclerk, or any of his family, or either of his duke's brothers, Lord Frederick or Lord Charles Beauclerk, or either of their families, to reside with him, or in either of the houses hereinbefore given to him the said duke for his life as aforesaid, or in any other house belonging to him the said duke for the time being, for the space of one week, either at one time or at several distinct times, in any one year, then and in such case the said annuity or yearly sum of ten thousand pounds shall thenceforth cease and determine, as if the said duke were actually dead, and then and in such case also the gift and bequest hereby made to the said duke for his life of the said estate at or near Holly Lodge aforesaid, and the said message and premises in Piccadilly aforesaid, and the rooms at the banking-house aforesaid, and the plate and other articles given to him for his life as aforesaid, shall cease and determine as if he were actually dead."

A similar exclusion is also provided against others:—

"As far as I have power so to do under the articles of copartnership, I expressly direct that no son or descendant of Alexander Trotter, of Dreghorn, near Edinburgh, Esquire, be admitted as partners in the said banking business."

We are willing to believe that the subject of these remarks had a proper sense of religious duties, and the ordinary punctuality in her ritual observances; and we would as willingly admit that the florid panegyric of Mrs. Wilson was a mere piece of foolish fine writing, had it stood alone; but referring to the numerous proofs scattered through the volumes that the Duchess was enslaved to all the miserable superstitions in which she was bred, and which show how little of the higher order of intellect she could have possessed, to justify such a panegyric; and recollecting also, the many other palterings with truth, and the *placebo* moralities, which the book contains, we cannot but regard the whole as a most barefaced speculation on the low moral feeling of the public, its gullibility, and its ignorance.

Besides, what cruel comparisons does this absurd claim draw forth! Mr. Coutts, a nervous, half-insane, half-imbecile old man, willing away his enormous fortune from his children to a beautiful woman, who amused his *ennui* and helped him to pass away "the long disease his life," is a being for whom pity might suggest excuses; but if a Mr. Coutts, "remarkable for his devotional feelings," and seeking an union on religious sympathies, thus acts, the circumstance must tend to render him an object of horror and disgust. So, too, Miss Mellon, an uninstructed, light-hearted, and unthinking young woman, seduced by vanity and the love of ease, or yielding to the solicitations of an ambitious and termagant mother, might be pardoned for things which in a woman whose "religious ideas were in strict accordance with the purest Christianity," would have been infamous and outrageous. But the good-humoured and jolly Duchess herself made no such pretences; and the imputation is as fallacious as it is foolish.

Mrs. Wilson's other preliminary dissertations on Mrs. Coutts's charity, her generosity, her cheerfulness, her wit, &c., may have more foundation in truth; and those who know that lady best, have spoken the most freely in evidence to her possessing a certain measure of such qualities: but nothing could be more calculated to bring the fact into question, and to provoke an ill-natured criticism, than such ridiculous bombast as Mrs. Wilson's eulogy.

It would be impossible duly to illustrate the inapprehensiveness displayed in these volumes, of the difference between reality and seeming, between virtue and mere decency, or of what constitutes the propriety or impropriety of con-

duct: we would not therefore accuse the writer of designed falsehood in producing, or adopting, the following account of Mrs. Coutts's marriage, which is in such perfect keeping with the rest; but we entreat her not to ask anybody else to believe it:—

"One of the *most wicked of the falsehoods* told against Miss Mellon was, the statement that she was married to Mr. Coutts *within a few days* after his first wife's death. This statement is *as false as it was revolting*. The following description of the occurrence is given by those who were acquainted with the particulars. After the decease of the first Mrs. Coutts, her husband became much worse: so that it was supposed by the medical attendants that a second funeral procession would soon follow the first. \*

Among the circumstances which pressed heavily upon his mind was the idea of having prevented Miss Mellon from accepting independence, in the numerous advantageous offers she had refused on his account. \*\* Mr. Coutts then suggested the only alternative, namely, that they might be privately married, to give her a just claim to the sum he wished to bequeath, in case of his sudden demise; but he expressed a dread that Miss Mellon, with her superstitious feelings, and ideas of propriety, would not be brought to consent to an early marriage, although his extreme illness should be sufficient warning against procrastination. Mr. Raymond [the actor, who had been called into consultation,] had as little hope, knowing her wilful character and veneration for death; and Mr. Coutts was in despair, at his inability to justify one who had suffered much annoyance for his sake. He knew Miss Mellon placed more reliance on Mr. Raymond's advice than on that of any other professional acquaintance, and therefore the invalid offered him one thousand pounds if he obtained her consent. \*\*\* When he went on his awkward mission, Miss Mellon was in great distress at the illness of her friend. \*\*\*\* Lengthened reference was made to all his kindness to her and her family; then the irreparable loss his demise would be to so many persons; the physicians' report, that the sole chance of his recovery depended on the incessant attention of some one interested for him; and finally, that the sufferer had fixed his mind on having that attendance *from her only*, beseeching her thus to save his life! \*\*\*\* Then Mr. Raymond proposed the alternative of matrimony; but she refused with a decision which even startled one who well knew her violent impetuosity. \*\*\*\* Mr. Raymond, skilled in human nature, allowed this violence to exhaust itself; and, when it changed to hysterical weeping, he taxed her with ingratitude to the only friend she ever possessed, in caring for the world's opinion of a delay more than for the chance of saving her benefactor's life; and he worked on her sympathies by every plea in the power of his eloquence to urge. He quoted the example of Miss Farren, whom she had admired so much; who, for a length of time, was publicly known to have been engaged to the Earl of Derby during even the lifetime of his first countess; after whose decease, Miss Farren was married to the widower within six weeks, without having a plea of his dangerous illness urged as the cause of such promptitude. \*\*\*\*\* At last, worn out, if not convinced, Miss Mellon agreed that, if her benefactor still continued dangerously ill, by a given time she would obtain, by a private marriage, the privilege of going to his house to nurse him, should an increase of danger require it. \*\*\*\* Mr. Raymond having secured her reluctant promise through his powers of persuasion, did not wait for his influence to cool, but produced a written consent to their marriage, (previously drawn up and signed by Mr. Coutts) which she signed, and he hastened to the good old gentleman in Stratton Street. \*\*\*\* At the expiration of a fortnight, Mr. Raymond summoned Miss Mellon to fulfil her promise."

In all this tissue of stilted nonsense and false pretence, is there one syllable that bears the stamp of likelihood? is there one in keeping with the lady's known impulsive character? Besides, innocent as must have been, in fact, the connexion of a young woman with the old man of eighty, when it is remembered that the parties had (as we have said) still incurred all the scandal incidental to it as a breach of conven-

tional propriety, nothing can be more improbable than the forced and lackadaisical justification here attempted, of the extravagant marriage; while the question of time is settled against the narrator on her own showing. Had this imputed regard, on the lady's part, for propriety been founded in high moral principle, we will not say that we should never have heard of the prize in the lottery which purchased Holly Lodge, but her conduct from the beginning would have deprived all such reproaches of a handle; and no consideration for Mr. Coutts, or any one else, would have changed her view of the case of matrimony. The story of Raymond and his thousand-pounds-worth of rhetoric, can only be regarded as an absurd and unnecessary farce. But in spite of this and every other attempt to distort, the truth peeps out in every line of the story. It is clear that the ambitious Irishwoman, Mrs. Entwistle, had from the beginning marked the wealthy banker for her daughter's husband; and every anecdote told shows more or less clearly the calculated conduct of both the ladies, tending to bring about the marriage. High-mindedness, and delicacy of feeling, had nothing to do with the business; and they who set up the pretence were (we repeat it) no friends to Miss Mellon's memory.

After all, however, the public has but a factitious and not very elevated interest in this transaction. The natural heirs of the old man were abundantly provided for; and, all circumstances considered, we cannot very warmly sympathize in their disappointment. The poor actress was probably as good a conduit-pipe for the dispersion of such an unnatural accumulation of wealth as another. After all, too, she acted much more like a trustee for the natural heirs, than ninety-nine out of every hundred legatees would have done, dispensing large sums upon them during her life, and settling a mere trifle at her death away from them, upon her own later connexions.

We are inclined also to make pretty much the same estimate of the charge, we have heard made against the Duchess, of ostentatious charity. If ostentation were indeed the ruling motive of this lady's generosity, would it be so very surprising in one of her education and habits? so very different from nine-tenths of the public subscriptions to public charities? She was an actress, and perhaps loved a scene; she was brought up in habits of Irish "coshering," and might like a knot of hangers-on to administer to those habits; but in this, there is no such vast culpability. That she gave employment where it was much wanted, among the inferior artists of the theatre, was considerate and benevolent; and if it was ostentation that opened her house not merely to lords and ladies, but to persons of inferior station, what was it in those who accepted her hospitality, and then maligned her motives, and ridiculed her manners?

Among all those who in the world we have heard attack or defend this lady, we have known few dilate upon the point on which mankind are most immediately interested in her elevation—the general condition of society,—the pervading tone of morality which enabled her to place herself where she was. If we look closely at every individual mixed up with these adventures, we find evidence in them of something discordant, something inconsistent with acknowledged pretensions. Whatever there might have been wrong, whatever there was immoral about the Duchess and her marriages, we find "all the world" in agreement to profit by the results, to the extent of their power. Pride cultivates the actress, straight-laced morality associates with the equivocal lady, fastidious refinement *toadies* to the (in its eyes) coarse and vulgar hostess; while even wealth itself intrigues and flatters to get a share of the spoil. How many starched pro-

priety preachers condescended to Mrs. Coutts, who would not have bowed the knee to "irregular practitioners" of less wealth! how many clung to the Duchess, who would have repudiated simple Mrs. Coutts! All this implies great general hollowness in society; and it is to this hollowness that the volumes before us especially apply themselves. With none but the heartless and the hollow, will their dimly surface-work pass muster; with their morality alone will it assort; but these are the many; and Mrs. W. has been wise in her generation, and faithful to her publisher's interests, in addressing herself to such an audience.

*Up the Rhine.* By Thomas Hood, Esq. Baily & Co.

INDUSTRY and experience may enable a man of small powers to play a limited number of melodies; but it is genius, as contradistinguished from assiduous cleverness, which can alone give him mastery over "each mood of the lyre," and enable him to impart grace and freshness to the oldest and most hackneyed street-music. So *be-Rhined* has the Rhine been, for the last dozen years, by English tourists, that its beauties have become a little distasteful. Yet a Bulwer, evoking a faery troop, though of rather May Fair-ish elves, could give to that desecrated stream, and its crumbling towers and towns, an original and peculiar interest; and a Hood will hardly fail to excite sensations yet more vivid and less hackneyed, while leading his legions of amused companions even *Up the Rhine!*

We are not sure that Mr. Hood has ever presented himself before the public in an aspect more engaging, or better calculated to do his varied powers justice than in the volume before us. There is fun, as usual, and of all gradations, from broad Farce, provoking the broad laugh, upward to that delicate and thoughtful Rabelaisque humour, to which the lip but replies by a curl; there is diversity of character also; while the spirit of the scene has, without any parade or preparation, at times exalted him to an eloquence and poetry which few of his contemporaries could surpass. Here and there we meet with those inimitable little touches of national manners and peculiarities which only a keen eye can see, and a perfectly-trained hand throw off. The satire, too, is always on the right side; no travellers' wonders—no cant borrowed second-hand from the *valet de place*—no beggarly account of empty pages "to make up a show."—But *paucas pallabris*, as Christopher Sly hath it. We had better let Mr. Hood recommend himself, by means of his own paragraphs, than bury his gifts and graces under the superfluity of wordy panegyric.

This new tour of the Rhine, then, consists of the contents of a family letter-bag. The party consists of a hypochondriac Uncle Orchard, who walks "like the Night"—not "in beauty," however, but under the shadow of Death—sees warnings, not sermons, in stones—poison in the running brook, and scarves and hat-bands in everything. Like Lord Brougham's *Eidolon*, Uncle Orchard writes doleful tidings and farewell-letters to his friends once a-week; and retains a physician at a salary of two hundred a-year, though he is, all the while, as hale, honest, and hearty a squire as any in Kent! Through the following chink, an extensive prospect of his nature and propensities may be seen:—

"My uncle (writes his nephew), who is both a lover and a capital judge of horses, and always drives a remarkably clever nag, chose one morning to have a warming in his gig,—influenced, doubtless, by the sight of his medical adviser, who happened to be some hundred yards in advance. The doctor, he is said, is a respectable gigman, who also likes a fast horse, and having really some urgent new case on his

hands, or being unwilling to listen to the old one, he no sooner recognized the traveller in his rear, than he applied a stimulant to his steed, that improved his pace into twelve miles an hour. My uncle did the like, and as pretty a chariot race ensued as any since the Olympic Games. For a mile or two the doctor took the lead, and kept it; but his patient was too fast for him, and by degrees got within hail, bellowing lustily, 'Hang it, man, pull up! I'm dying, doctor, I'm dying.'—'Egad,' cried the doctor, looking over his shoulder, 'I think you are! And I never saw any one *going so fast!*'"

We must make short work in describing his recently widowed sister, Mrs. Wilmot, who is like Malvolio, "sad and civil," tearful upon all possible occasions when "poor George" occurs to her,—desolately resigned to the strange discomforts of steam-boats, custom-houses, *tables d'hôte*, and spare beds, yet possessing all the exacting nicety and cumbrous housewifery of an untravelled Englishwoman. Nor have we more than a line wherein to say, that her Abigail Martha Penny is own cousin to the incomparable Win Jenkins; and that Frank Somerville, the nephew, is the man of the world,—for we are impatient to see our party fairly embarked. There is, however, no embarking for them, until the doctor has given minute directions as to the no-ailments of Uncle Orchard. Mrs. Wilmot, moreover, is curious to know whether the air of the Rhine will agree with her nephew, for, like "poor George," he appears delicate.

"Madam (said the doctor), a young Englishman, on going abroad for the first time, generally gives himself so many airs, that the one he is going to is of the least possible consequence."

Even after this their departure is delayed by "a mysterious complaint in the luggage, which, for several days, would not pack up for want of a family medicine chest." Then comes the leave-taking:—

"Well, *bon voyage*, and fine weather on the Rhine," said the doctor. "I shall never see it," cried my uncle, first relapsing into a fit of hypochondriacism. "Phoo! phoo!"—good bye, and a fair wind to Rotterdam." "I shall die at sea," returned my uncle; "at least if I reach the Nore. But mayhap I shall never get aboard. It is my belief I shan't live through the night," he bellowed after the doctor, who, foreseeing the point the argument must arrive at, had bolted out of the room and closed the door. "A clever man," said my uncle, when he was gone; "and no doubt understands my case, but as close as a fox. I only wish he would agree to my going suddenly—I should not die a bit the sooner for his giving me over."

The whole cargo are, at last, on board the *Lord Melville*, where they straightway fall to "what Willis the pen-man calls *Pencillings*, but which ought rather to be denominated *Inklings*." A wherry from Gravesend seconds their wish to encounter those characters whom the Heads and Trollops would have us believe are as certain to be found on board a steamer as if they were booked and paid for *bei* Messrs. Hoffmann and Schenk. It brings them an Englishman, one John Bowker—English every fibre of him—

"A punchy, florid, red-wattled human cock-bird, who according to the poultry-wife's practice, had seemingly had two pepper-corns thrust down his gullet on first leaving the shell, and had ever since felt their fiery influence in his gizzard"—"and his antipathy, a little yellow-faced, loquacious, cool, calculating American, "up to everything." John Bull frets "like a gummied velvet" at every new aggression and claim to omniscience made by this Universal Traveller: indeed it appears that Yellow-face "made himself very unpleasant on board"—wouldn't be sick or anything;" for when that dreadful moment arrived, known to every land-sailor, when the joys of touring are all merged in qualmish ejaculations of human misery, and reflections on human folly,—

"John Bowker said to me (writes Somerville), almost choking between his affliction and his passion, 'and there's that yellow wretch, quite composed, with a d—d cigar in his mouth! I can't understand it, sir,—it's against nature. As for me,—I shall die of it! I know I shall!—I shall burst a vessel, sir. I thought I had just now—but it was only the pint of port!' As he spoke, the vessel shipped a heavy sea, and heeled over almost on her beam ends. 'I suppose,' said my uncle, 'that's what they call a water-spout.'—'It's a squall!' said the Yellow-face. 'It's a female scream,' cried my aunt, wringing her hands, and in reality we heard a shrill cry of distress, that drew us in a body towards the fore-part of the vessel. 'It's the lady o' title,' said the mate; 'she was above "associating with the passengers, and preferred sitting in her own carriage—lucky she didn't go overboard, coach and all." My worthy uncle indignantly declared the thing to be impossible. 'Do you pretend to say there's a human being shut up in that carriage, because she won't even condescend to be drowned along with her fellow creatures?'"

One glimpse more, which makes Barry Cornwall's "dull, tame shore" appear, be it ever so bleak and dreary, an Elysium of blessedness.

"And now, my dear Gerard, imagine us all to creep like the exclusive lady into our own narrow dormitories, not that we were sleepy, but the violent pitching of the ship made it difficult, if not impossible, for any mere landsmen to sit or stand. Indeed, it would not have been easy to sleep, in spite of the concert that prevailed. First, a beam in one corner seemed taken in labour, then another began groaning,—plank after plank chimed in with its peculiar creak,—every bulkhead seemed to fret with a strain in it—sometimes the floor complained of a strain—next the ceiling cried out with a pain in its joints—and then came a general squeezing sound, as if the whole vessel was in the last stage of collapse. Add to these, the wild howling of the wind through the rigging, till the demon of the storm seemed to be playing coronachs over us on an Aeolian harp,—the clatter of hail,—the constant rushes of water around and overhead—and, at every uncommon pitch, a chorus of female shrieks from the next cabin. To describe my own feelings, the night seemed spent between dozing and delirium."

Next morning, when John Bowker first crawled upon deck—

"A pretty considerable bad night, sir," said his Antipathy by way of a morning salutation. "An awful one, indeed," said the red face,—"of course you've been sick at last." "Not a notion of it." "Egad, then," cried my uncle, who had just emerged from the companion, "you must have some secret for it worth knowing!" "I guess I have," answered the other, very quietly. "Renounce me, if I didn't think so!" exclaimed the red face in a tone of triumph—"it can't be done fairly without some secret or other, and I'd give a guinea, that's to say, a sovereign, to know what it is." "It's a bargain," said the yellow face, coolly holding out his hand for the money, which was as readily deposited in his palm, and thence transferred to a rather slenderly furnished squirrel-skin purse. "Now then," said the Carnation, with a peculiar drawl through the nose, "you must just go to sea, as I have done, for the best thirty years of your life."

As to the storm, we had better let Martha herself give an account of it:

"To *Rebecca Page*, at the *Woodlands*, near *Becknam*, Kent.

"DEAR BECKY.—Littel did I think I shud ever ever rite you again! We have all been on eternity's brinx. Such a terrific storm! \* \* They do say elevin other vessels floundered off the Hooks of Holland in the same tempest with all their cruise. It begun in the armoorn, and prevald all nite,—sich a nite O Grashus! \* \* At sich crisis there's nothin like religun and if I repeated my Cat-kism wunce I said it a hundred times over and never wunce rite. You may gudge by that of my orridse state, besides ringing my hands till the nails was of a blew black. Havin nose was else I sed for in my last agny I confess every partical I had ever dun,—about John Futman and all. Luckily Misus was too much decomposed to attend to it but it will be a

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Warin for the rest of my days. O Becky its awful work when it comes to sich a full unbuzzoming and you stand before your own eyes stript nakid to the very bottom of your sole. Wat seemed the innocentest things turns as black as coles. Even Luvers look armless but they ant wen all their kissis cum to fly in your face. Makin free with trifles is the same. Little did I think wen I give away an odd lofe it would lay so heavy. Then to be shure a little of Missus's tea and suger seems no grate matter particly if youve agreed to find yure own, but as I no by experence every owncie will turn to a pound of led in repentin. That wickid caddie Key giv me memny a turn, and I made a pint as soon as the storm abatid to chuck it into the bottomless otion. I do trust Becky will foller my xampel and give up whatever goes agin yure consinsh. If I name the linnin I trust youll excuse. Charity kivers a multitud of sins, and to be shure its a charity to give a-way a raggid shurt of Masters providid its not torn a purpus witch I fear is sum times the case. Pray say the like from me to Mister Butler up at the Hall, he will take a Miss I no,—particly as I hav drunk unbeknown wine along with him, but wen yure at yure last pint wat is Port in a storm! Won minit yure a live creatur, and the next you may be like wickid Jonas in the belly of Wales. The only comfort I had besides Cristianity was to give Missus warin witch I did over and over between her attax. No wags on earth could reckonsile me to a sea goin place. \* \* \* But I mite as well have tould the ship to sot itself as my Missus. I verrily beleave from her wild starin at me she did not no wether I talked English or French. At last Martha says she we are goin to a wurd where there is no sitivations. Wat an idear! But our superiors are always shy of our society, as if even hevin abuv was too good for servants. \* \* \*

"Howsumever here we are thenk providens on dry land if so it can be cauld dry that is half ditchis and cannals, at a forrin city, by name Rotter D—m. But I shouldn't preferto settle in Holland for Dutch plaices must be very hard. Oh Becky such moppin and sloppin such chuckin up water at the winders and squirrin at the walls with littel fire ings, but I suppose with their moist climit the houses wouldn't be holusen if they warn't continually washing off the damp. Then the furniter is kepp like span new without speck or spot, it must be sumbody's work to kill all the flies. To my mind the pepel are over clean as John Futman said when his master objected to his thum mark on the hedge of the plate. \* \* \* As respects vittles, we do verrry well, only I am shi of the maid dishes, being sic a marshy forren country for fear of eating Frogs. Talkin of cookin, wat do you think Becky of settin with a lited charcole stow under yure pettecoats? Its the only way they have for airin their linnin,—tho' it looks more like a new cookee receat for How to smoak yure Hams. But I hear Missus bell, so with kind luv to all, includin John Futman, I remane in haste, my dear Becky Yure loving frend,

MARTHA PENNY."

Thankful are we to know that "Mr. Orchard and party" did arrive safely at "Rotter D—m," as Martha Penny chooses conscientiously to spell it. The hotels, however, were all crowded, and our red-faced friend, John Bowker, rejoiced not a little at his good fortune, in getting housed at the New Bath, one of the best on the Boompjie. But when after supper, and "making himself comfortable," he retired to bed, there, according to his own report—

"Renounce me, Sir, if I didn't see that infernal jaundice face on the clean pillow!"—Yes, Sir; there it was, all yellow in the middle of the white—just like a poached egg. I don't think I shall ever eat one again—he has quite poisoned the idea, Sir, he has, upon my life! However, I told him civilly, I was afraid of a little mistake. "I'm afraid there is," said he; "what's your number?" "My name," said I, "is Bowker—John Bowker—and I'm number seventeen." "Ah," said he, "that's just where it is—my name is Take-care-of-your-self, and I reckon I'm number one."

While approaching the fine old city, writes Somerville—

"We had abundant leisure to observe the picturesque craft, with their high cabins, and cabin windows well furnished with flower-pots and frows,—in

fact, floating houses;—while the real houses, scarcely above the water level, looked like so many family arks that had gone only ashore, and would be got off next tide. These dwellings of either kind looked scrupulously clean, and particularly gay; the houses, indeed, with their bright pea-green doors and shutters, shining, bran new, as if by common consent, or some clause in their leases they had all been freshly painted within the last week. But probably they must thus be continually done in oil to keep out the water,—the very Dryads, to keep them dry, being favoured with a coat, or rather pantaloons, of sky-blue or red, or some smart colour, on their trunks and lower limbs. At times, however, nothing could be seen but the banks, till perchance you detected a steeple and a few chimneys, as if a village had been sowed there, and was beginning to come up. The vagaries of the perspective, originating in such an arrangement, were rather amusing. For instance, I saw a ruminating cow apparently chewing the top of a tree, a Quixotic donkey attacking a windmill, and a wonderful horse, quietly reposing and dozing with a weathercock growing out of his back."

Martha Penny saw matters in a less grotesque point of view, describing Holland as "a cold, marshy, flatulint country, and lies so low, they're only saved by being damned." Mrs. Wilmot's weak spirits were considerably affected, by this perilous-looking distribution of land and water; but, though she cried all her first night in foreign parts, she was not beyond the remedy of the Englishwoman's panacea—shopping. She went in the morning to buy choice hyacinth and tulip roots, and ran up a little bill of 70/-—to say nothing of a provision of Dutch "shirting, and sheeting, and napkins, and towelling for home use." But "the vulgar Venice" did not detain our travellers long; they began to creep up the Lower Rhine; and on board the steamer again fell in with bluff John Bowker, who worked himself up into a frenzy with tales of the cool impudence of his American antipathy, and anticipations of further meetings, by which his pleasure was to be poisoned. According to the proverb, that "those who will, may," his prophecy comes true. The Yankee

embarked at Dordrecht, and "aggravated" the Englishman's "choler" almost to what Martha Penny calls "the Colliery Morbus," by his free and easy contempt of all established regulations. With but a steerage purse, he had quarter-deck propensities; and, in spite of John Bowker's awful frown, crossed the line of demarcation, and deliberately read the prohibition which forbids all incursions of fore-cabin passengers upon the domain appropriated to those of the saloon. Hear how the old English bile broke loose! —

"Cool, isn't it?" asked the chafing Bowker; "he can't say now he has had no warning. Renounce me, if I don't name it to the captain, I will, upon my life! What's to become of society, if we can't draw a line? Subversion of all order—levelling all ranks; democracy let loose; anarchy, sir, anarchy, anarchy!" Here his vehemence inciting him to physical action, he began to walk the deck, with something of the mien of a rampant red lion; but still serving up to me the concoctions of his wrath, hot and hot. "I suppose he calls that American independence! (A walk.) Sir, if I abominate anything in the world, it's a Yankee, let alone his yellow face. (Walk.) It's hereditary, sir. My worthy father, John Bowker senior, could never abide them—never! (Walk.) Sir, one day he met a ship captain, in the city, that wanted to know his way to the Minories—Says my father, "I've an idea you're an American." "I guess I am," said the captain. "And pray, sir," said my worthy parent, "what do you see in my face to make you think I'd tell a Yankee his way to the Minories, or anywhere else?" Yes, sir, he did, upon my life. He was quite consistent in that! (Another walk, and then a full stop.) I suspect, sir, you think I am warm? I could not help smiling an assent. "Well, sir, I know it. I am warm. It's my nature, and it's my principle to give nature her head."

Every Rhine tourist knows the discomforts of a night at Nimeguen. Perhaps our readers, also, who have never, by German travelling, been taught the art of sleeping in the form of the letter S, may sympathize with unhappy Mr. Orchard, while making his first acquaintance with—



A SPARE BED ON THE RHINE.

We collect the following particulars from a letter of Somerville's:—

"I found my worthy Uncle lying broad awake, on his back, in a true German bedstead—a sort of wooden box or trough, so much too short for him, that his legs extended half-a-yard beyond it on either side of the foot-board. Above him, on his chest and stomach, from his chin to his knees, lay a huge squat cushion, covered with a gay-patterned chintz, and ornamented at each corner with a fine tassel,—looking equally handsome, glossy, cold, and uncomfortable. For fear of deranging this article, he could only turn his eyes towards me as I entered, and when he spoke,

it was with a voice that seemed weak and broken from exhaustion. 'Frank, I've passed—a miserable night.' Not a doubt of it, thought I, with a glance at his accommodations. 'I haven't slept—a wink.' Of course not (mentally). 'Did you ever see such a thing as that?' with a slight nod and roll of his eyes towards the cushion. I shook my head. 'If I moved—it fell off; and if I didn't, I got—the cramp.' Here a sort of suppressed groan. 'Frank, I've only turned once—all night long.'

But even such repose as may be obtained in the scanty curtainless box, and under the bag, or ball, of feathers, which make up the thing by

the Germans miscalled a bed, was denied to some of the travellers; for at one hotel they were raised, in the middle of the night, by the report of fire-arms from one of the dormitories. Some conjured up an awful tale of suicide, others thought only of an onslaught of "Les Braves Belges,"—for the party travelled before the Convention had set matters at rest:—

"Some shouted 'Fire!' others cried 'Murder!' and one shrill feminine voice kept screaming, 'The French! the French!' In the mean time, the patrole gained admittance, and with little ceremony forced their way up stairs towards the chamber to which we had traced the two reports. The door was locked and bolted, but was speedily burst open with the butt-end of a musket, the company entered, *la masse*, and lo! there was our Cockney, in a bright-coloured silk handkerchief for a turban, sitting bolt upright in his bed, and wondering with all his might at our intrusion, and that he could not quietly and comfortably let off his fire-arms at Nimeguen, as he had done ever since Marr's murder, out of his own little back window at Paddington."

Not less ridiculous was the mistake made by Mrs. Wilmot on the following day. Good woman! her tender cares centered upon a small male creature, who shocked all her English notions of propriety, by choosing to drink a huge glass of Dutch gin. Her motherly flesh and blood could not stand this; and she strove to take the glass from the child by main force. Think of the feelings of a gentlewoman, delicate, prudish,—and a trifle purblind, too, we must believe,—on finding that the object of her philanthropy was a dwarf! The scene is capital, but we cannot make room for it.

At Emmerich, the frontier town of Prussia, Martha gets into a squabble with the custom-house officers. The latter, it appears, seized Aunt Wilmot's bale of Dutch linen. Somerville gives us a humorous account of the scene:—

"The holland was honestly come by and paid for, and belonged to her mistress. 'Bot it is goods for a tax,' said the officer. 'It's no such thing,' said Martha, positively, and becoming unconsciously an advocate for free trade; 'the Dutch charged no taxes on it, and it stands to reason it can't be taxed in Germany.' 'You shall see de boke,' said the officer, 'you know vat is a tariff?' 'It's a fiddlestick,' retorted Martha, waxing angry. 'It is de Yarmen Commercial Leg,' said the douanier, 'Leg or no leg,' replied the championess, 'it's not going to walk off with my missis's property.' 'Why for, den, you not declare it?' asked the officer; whereupon the maid declared, she knew nothing about declarations. 'If you seize the linen, you shall seize me,' said she, and suiting the action to the word, she seated herself on the bale with the dignity of a Lord Chancellor, the fountain of all equity, on his woolsack."

Martha has her own comments on this affair: "Only think, Becky, of the bewtiful Dutch linnin being confiscated by the Custom-house Cesars! It was took up for dutis at the Garman outskirts. But, as I tould the officers, the King of Germany orn't to think only of the dutis diew to himself, but of his dutis towards his nabers. The Prushian customs is very bad customs, that's certin."

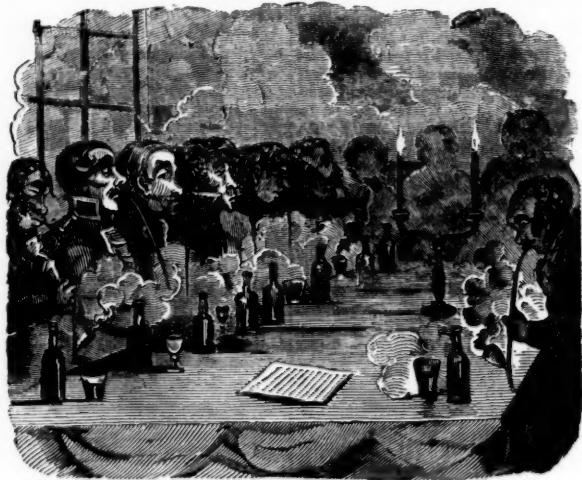
Passing Dusseldorf, with its painters,—whose costumes Mr. Somerville deservedly laughs at,—whose genius he deservedly praises,—we arrive at Cologne. Here we disembark; and here Fun gives way to Poetry, being silenced for the moment by the sight of "the famous Cathedral, which is a fine building, but not half finished, and, as such, an uncomfortable sight, *for it looks like a broken promise to God*."

We shall go on for awhile in the same strain: "Tis a miracle of art—a splendid illustration of transcendentalism; never, perhaps, was there a better attempt, for it is but a fragment, to imitate a temple made without hands. I speak especially of the interior. Your first impression on entering the building is, of its exquisite lightness: to speak after the style of the Apostle Paul, it seems not 'of the earth earthly,' but of heaven and heavenly, as if it could take to itself wings and soar upwards.—The

name of its original architect is unknown in the civic archives, but assuredly it is enrolled in letters of gold in some masonic record of Christian faith. If from impression arises expression, its glorious builder must have had a true sense of the holy nature of his task. The very materials seem to have lost their materialism in his hands, in conformity with the design of a great genius spiritualised by its fervent homage to the Divine Spirit. In looking upward along the tall slender columns which seem to have sprung spontaneously from the earth like so many reeds, and afterwards to have been petrified, for only nature herself seemed capable of combining so much lightness with durability, I almost felt, as the architect must have done, that I had cast off the burden of the flesh, and had a tendency to mount skywards. In this particular, it presented a remarkable contrast to the feelings excited by any other Gothic edifice with which I am acquainted. In Westminster Abbey, for instance, whose more solid architecture is chiefly visible by a dim religious light, I was almost overcome with an awe amounting to gloom; whereas at Cologne, the state of my mind rose somewhat above serenity. Loft, aspiring, cheerful, the light of heaven more abundantly admitted than excluded, and streaming through painted panes, with all the varied colours of the first promise, the distant roof seemed to re-echo with any other strains than those of that awful hymn the 'Dies Irae.' In opposition to the Temple of Religious Fear, I should call it the Temple of Pious Hope. And now, having described to you my own feelings, I will not give you the mere description of objects to be found in the guide-books. From my hints you will be, perhaps, able to pick out a suggestion that might prove valuable in the erection of our new churches. Under the Pagan mythology, a temple had its specific purpose; it was devoted to some particular worship, or devoted to some peculiar attribute of the Deity: as such, each had its proper character, and long since the votaries and the worship have passed away, travellers have been able to discriminate, even from the ruins, the destination of the original edifice. Do you think that such would

have been the case, were a future explorer to light on the reliques of our Langham Place or Regent Street temples; would an antiquarian of 2838, be able to decide, think you, whether one of our modern temples was a Christian church, or a parochial school, or a factory? Had men formerly more belief in wrong than they have now in right? Was there more sincerity in ancient fanaticism than in modern faith? But I will not moralize; only as I took a last look at the Cathedral of Cologne, I could not help asking myself, 'Will such an edifice ever be completed—shall we ever again build up even such a beginning? The cardinal virtues must answer the question. Faith and Charity have been glorious masons in times past—does 'Hope's Architecture' hold out equal promise for the future?'"

Often as this glorious architectural fragment has been described, we doubt whether the spirit of its beauty has ever been so felicitously communicated to language as in the above fragments. They are introduced *sans* preface or showman's trumpet, into the midst of these delightful, gossiping letters, with their droll and shrewd notices of 'St. Ursulus and her Elevin Thousand Old Maids,' as Martha Penny calls them—of the house of Rubens, of St. Peter's Church, where Mr. Orchard had "a warning"—and of the *table-d'hôte* with its queer cookery, and its amusingly mixed society, both shocking to Mrs. Wilmot's ideas of propriety: and the more so, as her participation in their miscellaneous vulgarities was witnessed, and doubtless commented on to her disadvantage, by Lady De Faringdon—the carriage Exclusive of the *Lord Melville* steamer. Whether the common soldier's uniform at table, or the preserved bullaces served with roast veal, or the cloud of smoke, after dessert, was the more terrible to the nerves of the delicate lady, we cannot decide. Our readers may be assisted in forming a judgment by a peep into the *Belle Vue*.



LA BELLE VUE.

With this sociable joviality, a table song might naturally be expected,—a new version of the Rhine wine *lied* for instance. Mr. Hood has felt this, and accordingly has given us a ditty:—but it is a *dressing-table* song, and has nothing to do with the juice of the grape, being

To \*\*\*\*\*

WITH A FLASK OF RHINE WATER.

The old Catholic City was still,  
In the Minster the vespers were sung,  
And, re-echoed in cadences shrill,  
The last call of the trumpet had rung;  
While, across the broad streams of the Rhine,  
The full Moon cast a silvery zone;  
And, methought, as I gazed on its shine,  
"Surely, that is the Eau de Cologne!"

I inquired not the place of its source,  
If it ran to the east or the west;

But my heart took a note of its course,  
That it flow'd towards Her I love best—  
That it flow'd towards Her I love best,  
Like those wandering thoughts of my own,  
And the fancy such sweetness possess'd,  
That the Rhine seemed all Eau de Cologne!

Here, too, Somerville meets with an old college chum, who favours the party with his experiences in rhyme. We can but spare room for a verse or two.

Ye Tourists and Travellers, bound to the Rhine,  
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,  
First listen to one little whisper of mine—  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Don't wash or be shaved—go like hairy wild men,  
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap and smock-frock it,  
But if you speak English, or look it, why then  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

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You'll see old Cologne,—not the sweetest of towns,—  
Wherever you follow your nose you will shock it;  
And you'll pay your three dollars to look at three crowns,  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

\* \* \* \* \*

Old Castles you'll see on the vine-covered hill,—  
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket—  
Once haunts of Baronial Banditti,—and still  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll stop at Coblenze, with its beautiful views,  
But make no long stay with your money to stock it;  
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews,  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

\* \* \* \* \*

You'll see an old man who'll let off an old gun,  
And Lurley, with her hurly-burly will mock it;  
But think that the words of the echo thus run—  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

\* \* \* \* \*

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the Baths—  
Where some to their heads hold a pistol and cock it;  
But still mind the warning, wherever your paths,  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

And Friendships you'll swear most eternal of pacts,  
Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket;  
But still in the most sentimental of acts,  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Martha Penny, too, communicates her own  
peculiar trials and experiences in Cologne. She,  
like the rest, is perfectly bewildered by the splen-

dours of the Cathedral, both outwardly and those  
of the "Interior Witch is performing Hi Mass;"  
with the glories of "the Priest incensed with  
the perfumery," and with the sanctity of "the  
empty skulls of the wise kings, as brown  
as mognay, with crowns on, and their Chris-  
tian names written in rubbies, if so be it be an  
red glass." Unlike her far-away kinswoman  
Win, who was enticed to the "New Geru-  
salem" of Methodism, Martha is seduced by these  
shows, and it may be presumed one of the  
"mail sex," to take up Catholicism. But she  
herself confesses that—

"Wat with the lofty pillars, and the picters, and  
the gelding and the calving, I felt perfectly dizzy,  
but wen the sunshin came rainbowin thru the panted  
glass winders, and the orgin played up, and the Quire  
of singers with their hevinly vices, and the Priest was  
incensed with the perfumery, down I went, willy  
nilly, on both nees, and was almost controvertied into  
a Cathlick afore I knowed were I was! Luckily, I  
recollected Transmigration, witch I cant nor wont  
believe in, and that jump me up agin on my legs."

But more of this on a future day.

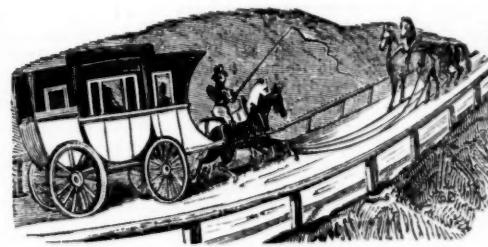
"Next to fine sites, (she concludes,) Colon swarms  
with raggid miserable objects, but I'm sorry I can't  
stop to shock you with them, being wanted to pack  
up. You know what that is with a figity Missis,  
who is never happy except she's corded up over night,  
and on a Porter's back in the morning. To-morrow  
you find us on the map of Coblenze. I did hope we  
had dun with steaming, and were to go Dilligently  
by land: but after seeing the Male cum in, Master  
declined. Sure enough, the coach is divided into  
three cages, and catch me travelin, says he, in a wild  
Beast caravan. Besides, says he, if the leaders  
chuse to be misleaders, we are sure to be over a  
precipus, for it's a deal esier, says he, for the horis to  
pull us down, then for the Postilion to pull 'em up.  
But sich is forrin traveling."

We, are sorry that we "can't stop to shock"  
our home-keeping readers with any more of  
these racy disclosures. In seven days, however,  
they shall be acquainted with the further pro-  
gress of the Family Party.

By way of further illustration, of "forrin tra-  
veling," we beg leave to draw upon Mr. Hood,  
for a custom and a conveyance.



THE OMNI-BUSS.



FOUR-IN-HAND.

Poems. By Mrs. Boddington, Author of 'Slight  
Reminiscences of the Rhine,' &c. Longman  
& Co.

POETICAL taste and feeling are so pleasantly  
apparent in all the prose writings of this lady,  
that the present volume, a journal of thoughts,  
fantasies, and impressions, recorded in rhyme,  
will naturally be welcome to the public. After  
this general and well-deserved praise, we must  
be excused if we add, that Mrs. Boddington's  
poetical prose, is, of its kind, better than her  
verses. It is true that the latter are delicate,  
imaginative, musical;—sometimes devoted to the  
utterance of those deep and tender affections,  
which are never more love-worthy than when  
they inspire the poetess: yet, despite all these  
gifts and graces, they want strength and finish,  
in some places clearness of idea, and in others  
precision of language. Though they rise above  
the common poetry of the day, which, indeed, is  
a mere matter of imitation, they can hardly rank  
among those choice effusions, by which the  
tariance among us of the undying Spirit is still  
attested. We will now give our readers an  
opportunity of proving the justice of these general  
remarks:—

Let me at evening live in dreamy haunts  
Amongst the spirits of the wood and stream,  
Where the small trickles of the rill is heard  
And counted by the ear, drop after drop,  
No other sound being there. Or by the grave  
Of the fair child, who sleeps midst early flowers,  
Sit down and think of angels;—while above,

Small clouds just parted from the setting sun  
Gather in golden companies, that soon  
Change their bright hues for the dim gray of night,  
Or on the lonely shore, while the weak breath  
Of evening passes o'er—not stir—the sea,  
Watch the pale fire within the fisher's bark—  
The bark itself in shade—glide swiftly on,  
Like a bright hope that has no hold of earth,  
But floats by its own magic.

The next, in the flow of its versification, is  
very musical:—

The one left Behind.  
My hopes are eadning, my eyes are sending  
Their sadder looks after those that are gone:  
My day is darken'd, my heart has hearken'd  
To many a sorrow, but never to one  
That makes it heavy as this has done.  
The days are passing when life a blessing  
Did seem, and nature all sympathy:  
'Twas then careasing, but now distressing,  
And oh! what a burthen it soon will be,  
Staying—and always alone with me!  
For they lie dumbly who once were comely,  
And the lips are wither'd that gay smiles wore;  
And I am lonely, while joys were homely,  
For the grave has got them for evermore,  
And the blessing is gone from my silent door.

Some of the songs, professedly written  
national airs, are very pretty; the following,  
written in the 'Robin Adair' measure, though  
not professedly designed for music, is far more  
highly finished than most of those with which it  
is associated:—

To a Butterfly.  
Sport thy short hour away, child of the sun;  
Life of a summer's day, thy revel run:  
When night is in the west,  
And king-cup hides its crest,  
And birds are in their nest,  
Thy work is done.

Bright wings bedropp'd with gold float on the air,  
All thy rich hues unfold, tints soft and rare:  
Hang on the op'ning rose,  
Sip where the red pink blows,  
On the ripe peach repose;  
Thou hast no care.

Thou mayst o'er sunbeams fly, or sleep in flowers,  
Dive where the dew-drops lie, hide thee from showers  
In the white lily's bell,  
Or in the tulip's cell:  
Thy life's a fairy spell,  
All joy thy hours.

Oh, that my heart could fly, light as thy wing!  
That my fond wish could buy thy joyous spring!  
Such a bright sunny dream,  
Closing with day's last beam,  
Life on its changeable stream,  
Never will bring!

Our last longest extract is our favourite poem  
in the volume, a new vision of Italy the inex-  
haustible:—

Home Images in Italy.

I did not think to hear in Italy  
The blackbird's song, to see the homely rook  
Flapping along with his familiar croak  
Back to its wood; or catch the enamell'd eye  
Of small field-daisy peering in the brook,  
Or that of honied orchis,—charming idle fly.

I did not think within these distant meads,  
Vital with insect movement, to have heard  
The small grasshopper's file, or pluck'd the beard  
Of purple thistle; or midst foreign weeds  
Found home-remembered things, by thought endeared—  
Hare-bells, and scented thyme, and yellow-blossoming reeds  
Mixing their hues with many a southern flower,  
Nurs'd plants with us, but here a common grace,  
That mingle with the day's humble race,  
And carpet with fresh bloom the forest bower,  
Where every bud and leaf of spring find place;  
While from the tendril thin distills the fragrant shower.

I thought of stately pines that kiss'd the sky,  
The breathless sky, and whisper'd to its ear;  
And of the palm,—long thing! that doth appear  
Most out of place when gayer trees are nigh;  
But when no other bough or branch is near,  
Within its streaming leaves what far off fancies lie!

I thought of aloes and the leafy spread  
Of the overhanging cedar, and the glow  
Of warm pomegranate, and high-scented blow  
Of the rich orange, or magnolia sped  
To its full beauty by the beams that flow,  
Like rays of living fire, upon its perfum'd head:

But did not think to see the ruddy flush  
Of our own currant, mingling with the leaf,  
Finely indented, feathery, and brief,  
Of delicate mimosa; or to crush  
Our garden herbs, or hope with fond belief,  
To scent the aroma of the home hawthorn bush,

The bush which of itself doth often make  
The hedge's sweetness: but here all find room,  
Fox-glove and bryony, and the purple bloom  
Of deadly night-shade; while their thirst to slake  
By the lone rill, their loved and dewy home,  
The small veronicas their humble station take.

Their little flow'rs, blue as childhood's eyes,  
And beautiful as love—when love is kind.  
Mix'd with the southern mosses here we find  
Inlaying the fresh ground with azure dyes;  
While round the infant ilbert's tender rind  
The enamoured vine its loving ringlets take.

Like our own forests, on the airy steep  
The chestnuts rise; and bush, and tangled briar,  
And surging grain, and the weed-kindled pyre  
Recall our homes. We see the blue smoke creep  
In wreathed column from the cottage fire,  
And love the barley shock, and duck-pool green and deep.

But sudden twilight's gone,—and its short stay  
Tells us of distance! 'tis not here the light,  
Flush'd, deep'ning, ring'ring, that preludes the night,  
And seems to chide its coming—second day.  
Sweeter than noon,—that in its tardy flight  
Blushes to go—though ling'ringly away.

No: when the red light's o'er, the abrupt pall  
Drops on the woods; and the ciga's note—  
The foreign grasshopper with rasping throat—  
That all day long rang out, yields to the call  
Of thrilling nightingale, whose loud notes float

In darkness to the heart, and there like moonbeams fall.  
On every spray in every summer bower

A thousand lamps are lighted: twinkling by,  
Like fairy's torch-bearer the southern fly  
Carries its starry fire, and in the hour  
Of nature's sleep, when the night-beauty's eye  
Is gently op'd, it shimmers in its flower;  
Or, like a gossy's lantern, in the ridge  
Of furrowed cornfields lightly glides along,  
Or hangs upon a vine-leaf; while the song  
Of the lone bird wakes through the light-kind hedge  
A shivering life, and 'midst the planet throng  
Slowly appears the moon above the mountain's ledge,

Then all is Italy! The lamp of night  
Seems as if gently 'twere let down from heaven:  
The air is balm,—a thousand scents seem given  
To this sweet hour alone: and to the sight  
The vine-bower in the air by soft winds driven,  
Or pergola star'd o'er with living light;

And to the ear the southern sounds that fall  
Faithfully, though many join,—and poesy to all!

*Bagni di Lucca.*

The volume is a model of typography, and  
enriched with some very pretty vignettes.

*A Chronicle of the First Thirteen Years of the Reign of King Edward IV.* By John Warkworth, D.D. Printed for the Camden Society. This is the chronicle preserved in the library of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, from which Leland made many extracts, but which, until now, has never been published entire. The period to which it refers is one of the darkest in our history. It is the production of a man of learning, and, apparently of impartial judgment; an undoubted contemporary, too, and throws a light on the subject of Edward's imprisonment by Archbishop Neville, his quarrel with Clarence and Warwick, and those events which finally led to the re-establishment, for a few months, of Henry VI., and the subsequent fatal battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury. The circumstance of Edward's imprisonment in 1468, which has been doubted by many historians, is expressly asserted by this writer, who states, that the Archbishop, with armed men, "toke Kyng Edward, and hadde hym into Warwyke Castell a lytell whyle, and afterward to Yorke cite; and ther, by fyare speche and promise, the Kyng escaped oute of the Bissoppys handes." He also corroborates the account of the treachery of Clarence towards Warwick, while, in his narrative of the

battle of Tewkesbury, he inclines to the opinion that Prince Edward was slain, not after the battle, and by order of Edward IV., but on the field, and while "crying for soccure to his brother in lawe the Duke of Clarence." Respecting the death of the unfortunate Henry, he is very explicit, stating that he was "putte to deth the xxi of Maye, on a Tuesday nyght, betwixt xi and xii of the cloke; beyngh thenne at the Toure the Duke of Gloucester brother to Kyng Edward, and many other," and in corroboration states, that, on the body being exposed in St. Paul's, "he blede on the pavement ther," and afterwards at the Blackfriars. In the introduction, the editor, Mr. Halliwell, has collected together a mass of additional evidence to prove how general was the belief that this unhappy monarch was murdered; and no doubt on the subject can, we think, remain on the mind of any one after reading that evidence. It is to be lamented that Warkworth's chronicle ends so early; the materials for this king's reign are meagre and unsatisfactory, and the events of his last years—especially the attainder and execution of Clarence—are so wrapped in mystery, that a narrative by the same pen would have supplied a most important deficiency, and probably thrown a new light on this very dark portion of our history.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Social System of Convict Management*, suggested by Capt. Maconochie, R.N.—Prison discipline and convict management are questions which, at present, occupy a good deal of public attention; and on some future occasion we may take the whole subject into consideration. In the present pamphlet, Captain Maconochie opens a new field of inquiry; and while others are engaged in discussing the relative merits and demerits of the Silent system and the Separate system, he comes forth armed against both, and proposes a Social system, in reference, at least, to the convict population of our penal colonies. His argument is briefly this:—"The example of severe suffering, consequent on conviction of crime, has not hitherto been found very effective in preventing its recurrence; and it seems probable that the example of necessary Reform,—or, at least, sustained submission and self-command through a fixed period of probation, before obtaining release from the restrictions imposed in consequence of such conviction, would be practically more so." \* \* The sole direct object of Secondary Punishments should therefore, it is conceived, be the reform, if possible, but, at all events, the adequate subjugation, and training to self-command, of the individuals subjected to them; so that, before they can regain their full privileges in society, after once forfeiting them, they must give satisfactory proof that they again deserve, and are not likely to abuse them. \* \* The end Reform,—or its substitutes, sustained submission and self-command,—being thus made the first objects of secondary punishments, it is next contended that they can only be adequately pursued, and tested,—first, by dividing the processes employed into specific punishment for the past and specific training for the future—and next, by grouping prisoners together, in the latter stage, in associations made to resemble common life as closely as possible—(in particular, subdivided into smaller parties, or families, as may be agreed on among the men themselves,—with common interests, and receiving wages in the form of marks of commendation, exchangeable at will for immediate gratifications, but of which a fixed accumulation should be required before the receiving of freedom); thus preparing for society in society, and providing a field for the exercise and cultivation of active social virtues, as well as for the habitual voluntary restraint of active social vices." A subject of so much importance as Convict Management and Prison Discipline cannot be well considered when thus brought incidentally and partially under notice. We shall therefore only observe, that Capt. Maconochie is an intelligent and amiable man, who has now resided some time in Van Diemen's Land, and is therefore well entitled to be heard with respectful attention.

*Remarks on the Topography of Oropus.*—An English book printed at Athens is somewhat of a curiosity; and what is more singular, the English text is more correct than the Greek quotations. The object of the pamphlet is to determine the position of several celebrated places on the north-eastern frontier of Attica; a task rendered difficult by the application of their names to different sites. In the early invasions of the Barbarians the Greeks sought shelter in the mountains, and gave the names of the cities they abandoned in the plains to the new villages erected in these fastnesses. Mr. Finlay's attempt to identify the ancient Oropus displays great antiquarian knowledge and critical acuteness, but it would be impossible to decide on his success without a personal knowledge of the localities.

*Sir G. C. Haughton on Language.*—The relations between language and mind have long engaged the attention of Sir Graves Haughton; they necessarily lead to the discussion of the most abstruse portions of metaphysical science, and are therefore addressed to a very small and exclusive class of readers. All, however, who feel an interest in the subject will derive pleasure and profit from the present treatise.

*Maxwell's Life of Wellington*, Vol. I.—Some time since we announced the several Lives of the Duke of Wellington which came rushing simultaneously into the field, consequent on the publication of *The Despatches*, a rich store-house of material, which the best of the biographers could but weave into narrative. The relative merits of these several versions we have not thought it necessary to inquire into; but we may say thus much in favour of Mr. Maxwell's, that the volume before us is very handsome and very well illustrated with maps, plans, portraits, &c.

*List of New Books.*—Liston's *Elements of Surgery*, 2d edit. Svo. cl. 25s.—Repton's *Landscape Gardening*, by J. C. Loudon, Esq. Svo. bds. 30s., coloured, 37. 6s.—*The Fright*, by Miss Ellen Pickering, 3 vols. post Svo. 31s. 6d.—*Professor Smyth's Lectures on Modern History*, 2d edit. 30s. bds.—*Confessions of a Thug*, 2d edit. 3 vols. 17. 11s. 6d. bds.—*Chapters of the Modern History of India*, by E. Thoroton, Esq. Svo. cl. 21s.—*Tyss's Illustrated Napoleon*, Vol. I. royal Svo. cl. 15s.—*Flintoff's Introduction to Conveyancing*, Svo. 29s. bds.—*Bone's Conveyancing*, continued, by T. G. Western, Esq. Vol. 3, Svo. 17s. bds.—*The Rise and Progress of the Laws of England and Wales*, Svo. 8s. bds.—*Seymour's Sketches Illustrated*, 2 vols. Svo. cl. 21s.—*Ellis's Sons of the Soil*, crown Svo. cl. 10s. 6d.—*Gleanings, Historical and Literary*, Second Series, with an *Essay on Emulation*, Svo. cl. 12s.—*The Buried Bride, &c.* crown Svo. cl. 7s. 6d.—*Pagan's Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity*, crown Svo. cl. 8s.—*Deck's Gent's Pocket-Book for 1840*, roan tuck, 3s., common, 2s.—*Combe's Lectures on Phrenology*, crown Svo. 6s.—*A French Delectus*, 12mo. cl. 3s. 6d.—*Divine Meditations*, by Sir William Waller, 12mo. cl. 4s.—*James's Christian Professor*, 4th edit. cl. 4s.—*Eloist's Anglo-Saxon Homily*, new edit. with Notes, &c. Svo. bds. 6s.—*Feltham's Resolves*, new edit. cl. 8vo. cl. 6s.—*Hope's Doctrine of a Triune God*, 12mo. cl. 6s.—*Pratt's Collection of Public General Statistics*, 2 & 3 Victoria, relating to *Justices of Peace*, Svo. 7s. 6d.—*Historical Eloge of James Watt*, by M. Arago, translated by J. P. Muirhead, Svo. 8s. 6d. bds. 4to. 21s. bds.—*Champ de Rosses, par Adolphe Duhart-Fauvet*, 12mo. cl. 5s.—*Shuttleworth's Not Tradition but Scripture*, 3rd edit. 12mo. 4s. bds.—*Arnold's Practical Introduction to Greek Prose Composition*, 2d edit. Svo. 5s. 6d. cl.—*Wills's Principles of Botany*, 12mo. cl. 6s.—*Naturalist's Library*, Vol. XXV. "Dogs," by Hamilton, 12mo. cl. 6s.—*Parley's Tales about Plants*, 16mo. cl. 7s. 6d.—*Defoe's Novels and Miscellaneous Works*, Vol. II. cl. 5s.—*Parley's Lives of Franklin and Washington*, 16mo. cl. 4s.—*Corrano's Sure Method of Long and Healthy Life*, 38th edit. 3s. cl.—*Glossary of Provincial Words used in Herefordshire*, 16mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—*Heresy and Orthodoxy*, by the Rev. J. Blanco White, 12mo. cl. 4s.—*Lectures on the Heathen Gods*, 12mo. bds. 4s.—*The Corporator's Manual*, by Higson, 12mo. bds. 2s. 6d.—*Wallace's Pocket Book to Commercial Book-keeping*, 5th thousand, 32mo. sheep, 1s. 6d.—*M'Phun's Pocket Guide to the Toilette*, 32mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—*Standard American Literature*, "Todd's Student's Manual," 1s. 9d. swd.—*Sandal in the Olden Time*, a Poem, post Svo. 4s. cl.—*Lessony Book*, No. III., by Duma and Crossley, 12mo. bd. 1s. 6d.—*Palmyra*, People's edition, Svo. swd. 1s. 10d.—*Cotton Lords versus Landlords*, Svo. swd. 1s.

*[ADVERTISEMENT.]—THE NEW POST-OFFICE ARRANGEMENTS.*—Conformably with the New Postage Rate, commenced December 5, Mr. Bull, Public Librarian, has published his *Gratis List* of the New Publications and the Particulars of his New System of Supplying Families, Reading Societies, and Book-clubs regularly with all Works for Perusal throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland—upon the most advantageous terms,—so that the Particulars and List can now be obtained by Post in every part of the Kingdom, at the small charge of Fourpence. Very extensive arrangements for the book-supplies of the New Year being completed, all Subscriptions entered at the Library during the present month, December, will entitle to immediate supplies, and be dated as commencing from January, 1840. All orders should be addressed to Mr. Bull, Librarian, 19, Holler-street, Cavendish-square, London.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL for NOVEMBER, kept by the Assistant Secretary, at the Apartments of the Royal Society,  
BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1839.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			Dew Point at 9 A.M., by Fahrenheit.	External Thermometers.			Rain in inches, at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.		
	Barometer uncorrected.		Att.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att.		Fahrenheit.	Self-registering						
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.	Ther.	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.	Ther.		9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest	Highest				
F 1 29.714	29.706	42.6	29.672	29.664	43.8	39	02.3	41.2	44.8	39.8	41.7	.044	E	Overcast—high wind throughout the day, as also the evening.	
S 2 29.618	29.612	45.0	29.544	29.533	45.3	41	00.2	42.7	44.2	40.0	46.0	.044	N	Overcast—light rain—brick wind throughout the day. Ev. The like.	
○ 3 29.612	29.604	46.6	29.556	29.550	48.2	41	01.2	48.2	51.2	42.7	49.0	.302	NE	(A.M. Light fog and wind—deposition. P.M. Overcast—it. wind. Evening, Rain and wind.)	
M 4 29.512	29.504	49.8	29.538	29.530	51.2	46	02.2	50.3	52.3	46.2	51.7	.263	W	(A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Precast—light rain.)	
T 5 29.572	29.566	49.3	29.658	29.650	50.3	45	02.0	47.7	50.3	45.2	53.3	.088	W	(A.M. Light fog and wind—light rain and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Overcast.)	
○ W 6 29.746	29.742	48.8	29.712	29.704	49.2	46	02.3	45.7	48.0	45.3	46.5		W	(A.M. Thick fog. P.M. Fine—light haze. Ev. Overcast—fine rain.)	
T 7 29.624	29.618	49.2	29.616	29.608	50.3	46	01.3	48.3	50.8	45.6	49.2	.116	E	Overcast—light rain and wind throughout the day, as also the evening.	
F 8 29.806	29.800	51.2	29.684	29.676	52.2	48	02.2	49.8	52.2	48.5	52.0	.033	SE	(Overcast—light wind, with occasional fine rain throughout the day. Evening, Very fine rain.)	
S 9 29.506	29.500	50.9	29.456	29.450	52.0	46	02.5	49.3	53.3	48.7	49.8		E	(A.M. Fine clouds and wind. P.M. Overcast—light wind. Evening, Very light rain.)	
○ 10 29.378	29.372	52.3	29.206	29.200	52.8	49	01.6	52.4	51.3	48.7	54.6		E	Overcast—very light rain & wind throughout the day. Ev. The like.	
M 11 29.248	29.242	52.8	29.262	29.258	53.3	49	02.0	48.7	51.7	47.5	48.4	.463	S	Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day. Ev. Overcast.	
T 12 29.418	29.412	51.3	29.466	29.458	52.5	48	01.8	47.9	52.2	46.0	48.7		A.M. Light fog and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Ev. Overcast.		
W 13 29.748	29.742	51.4	29.822	29.814	51.7	48	01.7	48.7	50.7	47.4	49.4		NNW	A.M. Light fog and wind. P.M. Overcast—it. wind. Ev. Light fog.	
T 14 29.988	29.980	51.2	29.978	29.970	51.5	48	02.4	47.4	52.3	47.4	48.0		SSE	(A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Overcast—light rain. Evening, Overcast—deposition.)	
F 15 29.980	29.974	51.9	29.914	29.906	52.7	49	02.2	52.5	53.2	47.4	52.8		SE	Overcast—light fog throughout the day. Evening, Light rain.	
S 16 29.886	29.880	53.2	29.900	29.894	54.3	50	02.3	52.8	55.4	51.5	53.0	.036	SW	(A.M. Light fog and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Ev. Cloudy.)	
○ 17 30.044	30.036	52.8	30.034	30.030	54.0	50	01.8	51.8	54.5	50.6	52.4		S	Overcast, with occasional rain throughout the day. Ev. The like.	
M 18 29.992	29.984	54.4	29.966	29.958	55.0	52	02.2	54.8	53.8	50.6	55.3	.150	S	(Overcast—light rain and wind throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy—light rain.)	
T 19 29.992	29.986	53.3	29.920	29.914	54.0	50	01.9	49.4	52.8	47.9	50.3	.305		Fine—it. clouds & wind throughout the day. Ev. Overcast—it. rain.	
W 20 30.064	30.056	51.6	30.090	30.082	51.6	45	02.4	44.7	48.4	44.6	49.7	.063	W	(A.M. Lightly cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
● T 21 29.472	29.468	48.9	29.482	29.476	48.6	44	02.1	45.2	44.2	42.4	48.2	.244	E	Overcast—brick wind, with occasional rain throughout the day. Fine during the night. Evening, Fine and clear.	
F 22 29.916	29.908	46.6	30.032	30.024	47.3	42	01.7	42.2	45.0	39.6	42.7		NW	(A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Cloudy. Ev. Fine & clear.)	
S 23 30.208	30.200	43.2	30.220	30.212	44.2	39	01.5	38.2	43.6	35.7	40.5		NW	(A.M. Light fog & wind. P.M. Fine—it. clouds & wind. Ev. Cloudy.)	
○ 24 30.156	30.150	42.7	29.928	29.920	43.8	38	01.5	40.3	46.7	37.0	40.7		SW	(Overcast—light wind, with occasional rain throughout the day. Evening, Fine.)	
M 25 29.680	29.674	47.3	29.542	29.534	49.0	45	02.4	50.7	55.5	40.3	51.2	.044	SW	Overcast—very fine rain throughout the day. Evening, The like.	
T 26 29.420	29.412	47.9	29.386	29.378	48.0	45	01.5	42.2	43.5	38.2	42.5	.169	SSW	(A.M. Light fog and wind. P.M. Overcast—light rain and snow. Evening, Fine & clear—frost during the night.)	
W 27 29.436	29.430	42.8	29.424	29.416	42.3	37	01.6	34.7	35.7	34.6	44.6		S	(A.M. Thick fog. P.M. Overcast—light rain and snow. Evening, Continued heavy rain.)	
T 28 29.546	29.540	41.7	29.552	29.548	42.3	37	00.8	39.2	43.3	33.4	39.8	.160	E	Overcast—brick wind and wind—heavy rain throughout the night. P.M. Overcast—brick wind. Evening, The like.	
F 29 29.268	29.260	43.4	29.170	29.166	44.8	39	00.2	43.3	44.7	39.4	44.0	.133		Overcast—light rain—brick wind throughout the day. Ev. The like.	
S 30 29.606	29.598	45.2	29.638	29.632	46.0	38	02.0	42.4	46.4	42.3	42.7	.250	S	(Fine—nearly cloudy—light wind throughout the day. Evening, Overcast—very light rain.)	
MEAN.	29.705	29.699	48.6	29.679	29.672	49.4	44.7	01.8	46.4	49.1	43.8	48.0	4.207	Mean Barometer corrected .....	{ 9 A.M. 3 P.M. F. 29.656 .. 29.627 C. 29.649 .. 29.619

Note.—The daily observations are recorded just as they are read off from the scale, without the application of any correction whatever.

\* An unusual quantity during the twenty-four hours.

## THE LAW OF STORMS.

[By letters from the Cape it appears that the Secretary of State for the Colonies having forwarded to the Governor Lieutenant-Colonel Reid's work on Storms, with a request that public attention might be called to the subject, the Governor directed that a short printed compendium of the Theory [see *Athenæum*, No. 565.] together with Hints for Observers prepared by Mr. Maclear, the Astronomer Royal of the Colony, should be delivered to all commanders of vessels sailing from Table Bay. To these papers have been added, at the suggestion of the Astronomer Royal, a very interesting letter from Mr. Marshall (formerly commander of one of the Hon. East India Company's ships), published nearly fourteen years since in the Cape Journals, wherein he offers an explanation of the nature and character of tropical storms, and points out how to escape from their greatest danger, so closely resembling the theory of Mr. Reid that the coincidence is quite remarkable. Col. Reid observes, that the hurricanes referred to in Mr. Marshall's letter is among the anomalies, inasmuch as it had but little if any progressive motion. "This," says Mr. Maclear, is sufficient to account for the circumstance of his [Mr. Marshall] having made no allusion to the progressive motion of hurricanes; it being thus admitted by Col. Reid that the hurricane, described by Mr. Marshall, had but little, if any, progressive motion, although in Mr. Marshall's opinion, that it had a rotary motion, may be safely inferred from his figureative analogy between the centre of a hurricane and the vortex of a whirlpool"—but without reference to this particular question, Mr. Marshall's letter is both valuable and interesting.]

I am apt to set so high a value on the Marine Barometer, from its affording an infallible index of those dreadful hurricanes which are so prevalent in the West Indies, the China Seas, the Bay of Bengal, and other parts of the Indian Ocean, especially in that part comprised within the islands of Java, Sumatra, and the Isle of France, that I think any information tending to elucidate its advantages, cannot be too widely promulgated.

Every one at all acquainted with the mechanism of a Barometer, is aware that its construction originated in a discovery, that the mean density of the atmosphere is capable of supporting a column of mercury equal to about thirty inches in length; hence it follows that every deviation of the quicksilver from this height, is the result of some correspondent change

in the actual gravity of the surrounding atmosphere, the trifling effect of the cohesive properties of the tube being duly allowed for. But although this may be sufficiently evident to a common observer, it is certain that these changes depend upon so many hidden causes, and are generally so minute that they are scarcely perceptible to the eye, and are frequently unaccompanied by any visible change of the weather. It is a well established fact, that the Barometer undergoes but little or no variation throughout the region of the tropics, unless when it happens to be under the influence of an approaching hurricane, and then it is no less certain that the quicksilver falls considerably, a natural consequence, it would seem, of the origin of these storms, which exceed in violence those of the more boisterous climates of Europe, as much as the situations in which they are generated at other times exceed them in mildness. An infinite scope still remains open to the philosopher, with a view to promote the interests of science, and especially of navigation, for a meteorological inquiry into the theory of winds; while with respect to these destructive hurricanes in particular, I confess I have never yet met with any explanation of their origin on their course, at all satisfactory to my mind. If I may presume to venture an opinion on so abstruse a subject, I should say that a tropical hurricane is produced by the rays of a vertical sun acting upon some portion of the atmosphere that happens to be unusually loaded with the electric fluid, so abundantly generated within a few degrees of the equator, thus occasioning a rapid and extraordinary degree of rarefaction of the circumjacent atmosphere, until a reaction takes place, by the condensed air rushing towards the centre of the atmospheric circle of rarefaction, until the equilibrium is restored; but as Dr. Franklin justly observes, in his Treatise on Electricity, "it is not of much importance to know the manner in which nature executes her laws; it is enough if we know the laws themselves;" so it may be said, that on these occasions, whatever may be the

immediate cause of the barometric fall, provided we are aware of what is to follow, we are furnished with all the requisite information to guard against the consequences; and as this knowledge is best acquired in the school of experience, it is for this reason that I feel anxious to impart to others the benefits of my own, knowing that the warnings of this infallible monitor have been but too often fatally slighted. Because, forsooth, that part of the ocean, to which these remarks have reference, is frequently sailed over without the occurrence of anything approaching to a storm, and because the Barometer may, and does frequently remain nearly stationary throughout the whole of this large portion of the voyage to and from India, is it therefore reasonable to infer that its utility ceases?—on the contrary, the fact of the Barometer not being affected by any change in the atmosphere except when under the influence of an approaching storm, is the very circumstance which, in my opinion, more particularly enhances its value. In high latitudes the eye of an experienced seaman will prove a tolerably correct substitute for a Barometer; but the tropical hurricane, unlike the storms of higher latitudes, frequently gives no other warning of its approach than that which the Barometer affords. The practical inference then which I presume to draw from these premises is, that whenever within the tropics an unusual fall of the barometrical column is observed to take place, it may be taken for granted that an extraordinary degree of the atmospheric rarefaction is in progress, which will be speedily followed by a violent reaction.

From that moment the ship may be said to have perforated the confines of a circle, the centre of which will shortly become the focus of a tornado, and which, like the centre of a whirlpool in a different element, cannot be approached but at the hazard of her destruction. I am aware, however, that instances are to be adduced of ships having encountered hurricanes without sustaining any serious injury, but I have reason to believe, that in most of these instances,

if not in all, it would be found, were it possible to ascertain the fact, that the brunt of the storm was in reality not encountered at all, that these ships were throughout far nearer the verge of the circle of rarefaction than its centre, that having been warned of its approach by the Barometer, their commanders had sufficient good sense not to neglect it. But however this may be, no prudent man in command of a ship knowing, as he must, that the lives of all on board depend upon the promptness as well as the wisdom of his decision, will allow himself to be influenced by any such precedents, to brave the storm in spite of the Barometer; but that, taking it for his safest, if not his only guide, he will, from the moment of its fall, bring his ship to the wind, and make every possible preparation to meet it: nor will he be diverted from his purpose by any flattering appearance in the heavens.

Even if at the moment the sky should be cloudless, the atmosphere motionless, and no other indication of a storm throughout the whole visible horizon, than that which this invaluable instrument affords him, still he will take his measures with the same degree of promptitude and energy as though the danger had already commenced; and when the flattering gale springs up to favour his course, he will not be tempted to pursue it through any fallacious notion of shortening the period of his voyage; for if my theory be correct, he may rest assured, that the farther he advances, the greater will be the fury of the tempest; that it is a principle of every hurricane to narrow its sphere in proportion to its duration; that wherever the storm commences there will it sooner terminate, and consequently that his easiest way to escape from its fury is to remain as stationary as possible. I should not have dwelt on some of these points, had I not been aware that a notion is but too prevalent among seamen, that scudding before the storm is the shortest way to get out of it, an error which is attended with this additional evil, that those precious moments which intervene between the fall of the quicksilver and the rising of the storm, are expended (perhaps never to be retrieved), in a proceeding which, in my opinion, is fraught with nothing but mischief.

Neither should I have ventured thus boldly to advance a theory of so much importance to the interests of navigation, were I not prepared to support it by the result of many years' experience, while traversing those seas to which it is more immediately applicable.

The following particulars of one of those awful hurricanes which are known to prevail in certain parts of the Indian Ocean at particular seasons of the year, and which it was on this occasion my lot to encounter, will be found to embrace some of the most material points on which I have ventured to ground this theory of storms, and I trust that the relation of them will not excite needless apprehensions in the breasts of those, among the fair sex in particular, whose destiny it may be to follow in the track of my adventures, but rather that they will yield their consolation from the reflection that the greater the danger, and the more awful the consequences, the more essential it is that all such particulars should be faithfully recorded as a beacon for the guidance of others under similar trials; knowing, too, as they must, that in traversing the wide expanse of ocean comprised between England and India, ships will be safe in proportion as the dangers they may have to encounter are accurately described. Under such circumstances, then, to withhold from publication a narrative of facts, however painful its perusal, the object of which is to prevent a recurrence of the misfortunes it details, would be no less inconsistent than to hurl the Barometer into the sea as a useless appendage to a ship, merely because it may sometimes fail to point out the danger, or at other times prove a source of needless alarm to those who through idleness or folly are blind to its usefulness.

It was in October of the year 1808, that I left Madras on board one of the East India Company's ships, [the *Diana*, of which he was commander,] with eight others, under the convoy of a seventy-four gun ship. On reaching the latitude of 8° south, and the longitude of 88° east, we unfortunately encountered one of the most tremendous hurricanes that was, perhaps, ever experienced by a ship that did not actually founder. It is impossible to convey to the

minds of those who have never witnessed such a storm, any adequate idea of the fury with which it blew during the three days and nights of its continuance, the sound resembling more a succession of peals of thunder, or the roaring of cannon, than of wind; whilst the sea formed one continued breach over the ship, sweeping everything moveable before it. During nearly the whole of this period, the passengers, officers, and crew were, without distinction of persons, employed in pumping or bailing, cutting away masts, securing guns, or in other work essential to the safety of the ship; whilst, owing to the impracticability of getting into the hold through the body of water always lodged on the gun-deck, the chief part of the period was passed without food, or even a drop of water to allay the thirst of the men at the pumps, who were with difficulty, and occasionally could not be, prevented from swallowing the bilge water as it ascended from the well. And had it not been for the fortunate circumstance of a quantity of this precious beverage being found in the lockers of the great cabin, which was latterly served out at the pumps in wine-glasses, the probability is, that we should have literally perished through the want of a liquid, of which there was an abundance in the hold. Our distress, too, was not a little aggravated by two of the twelve-pounders being adrift at once on the gun-deck; causing the greatest consternation lest some port should be stové in by their means. Notwithstanding the fore-mast, mizen-mast, main-top-mast, and bowsprit were, at the peril of our lives, alternately cut away. At the close of the third day, we were left with seven feet of water in the hold, and four feet in parts of the gun-deck, frequently with three out of the four pumps choked at a time, and without the slightest prospect of any abatement of the storm. Heaven only knows whether the wonderful alteration which soon took place after the close of this day in our desperate situation, was owing to an especial intercession of Providence; but if the elements by which this globe is governed in its course, are ever for a moment turned aside for the benefit of frail mortality, a scene was now exhibited which might have been deemed sufficiently appalling by an Allmerciful Being, to call forth such an interposition.

I have been a witness to many a distressing scene on the ocean in the course of my practice, the recollection of which may in some degree account for these serious reflections, and form some apology for their intrusion here. I have seen a ninety-gun ship take fire, burn to the water's edge, and blow up. This noble ship, which had twelve hundred people on board at the time, many of whom perished in her, notwithstanding every possible exertion was made with the borts and engines of thirty sail of the line and frigates to extinguish the flames, and to rescue the people from destruction. I was once awoke out of my sleep by an explosion, which proved to arise from the blowing up of an Indianaman at no great distance from the ship I was in, owing, as it was supposed, to a flash of lightning having entered the magazine, where five hundred barrels of gunpowder were stowed, destined for the Cape. I need scarcely add, that the crew, one hundred in number, were blown into the air, and that not a soul survived to explain the cause, or to record the fact. I was once in a ship that was struck by a meteor, when some of the masts were shivered into a thousand pieces; and had it not taken a diagonal direction at the critical moment of its entrance into the body of the ship, the probability is that her destruction would have followed. On another occasion I was in a ship which took fire, when such a formidable volume of flame rushed from the deck beneath, as to render every chance of quenching it apparently hopeless; it was, however, eventually got under by an extraordinary display of skill on the part of an individual, backed by the exertions of the crew. I have been in a storm off the Cape, when, after a sudden shift of wind, the commodore of the fleet, in one of the strongest ships ever built, on her first voyage to sea, crowded with passengers from Calcutta, suddenly disappeared, and was never seen or heard of more. I have experienced the shock of an earthquake at sea, several hundred miles from any land, and far beyond the reach of any soundings; the fact of its being an earthquake having been proved by accounts subsequently received from Manila, the nearest land, where an earthquake on the same day, and nearly at the same same moment,

had occasioned considerable devastation. So violent was the shock that one of the ships of the fleet leaked considerably in consequence. It is the only instance of the kind I ever heard of at such a distance from land; I should like, therefore, to see this extraordinary phenomenon philosophically accounted for. The water was not unusually agitated, the wind was moderate, the sky serene, and no one indication of such an event throughout the whole visible horizon. Was it, allow me to ask, the effect of electricity? If so, I should wish to be informed how the electric fluid came in contact with the ship?—for if the sea became its only conductor, as the fleet was spread over several miles of space, and every ship more or less sustained the shock, the whole of that part of the ocean must have been impregnated with it. Still, I confess, I am at a loss to account for the shock in any other way. That houses should tremble and fall, from the shock of an earthquake, may be easily accounted for; but that a ship not even at her anchorage, but on the contrary, as already observed, hundreds of miles from any land, and far beyond the reach of soundings—a fact which was verified with the deep sea line at the moment, by every ship of the fleet, under an impression that they had struck on a shoal, the water, too, as before observed, not being unusually agitated, nor any other indication of so extraordinary an occurrence;—that a ship, I say, under such circumstances, should experience the shock of an earthquake, of not less violence than might have been expected, had she at the moment been a fixture on the shore at Manilla, is a phenomenon not to be accounted for, as I conceive, upon any of the principles which commonly govern the action of fluids on floating bodies; this, I repeat, is at least a phenomenon far beyond my comprehension to explain, unless it were the effect of electricity, or unless it were possible to conceive that such a shock may be communicated to a body, floating on the surface of the ocean, *by sympathy*. I once landed from a ship in Table Bay, when, just after my reaching the shore, she parted from her anchors in a sudden north-wester, and became a wreck. My family were all on board at the time, who, after a night of infinite peril, expecting every moment to be their last, the rudder beaten off, and the ship nearly filled with water, were with difficulty rescued from a watery grave. These and many other distressing scenes of a minor description have I witnessed, but never, in the course of my practice, have I been present at one so distressing, at least to my own feelings, as that which I have more immediately under consideration. Those which I have just taken a cursory review of, it is true, in some instances infinitely more fatal in their consequences, and in one the momentary pang of affliction could not, I admit, have been surpassed; but the scene I have already given an outline of, and am now drawing to a close, was one of peculiar excitement, painful feelings, and of heavy responsibility. Well may the Psalmist say—“These men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.” But to return from this digression. At the close of the third day of this awful hurricane, the cabins below being no longer habitable, the passengers were crowded into one side of the round-house, as being the only cabin from which the water could be effectually excluded. Here, then, a scene of woe was exhibited which baffled description,—a scene sufficiently appalling to rend the stoudest heart in twain, especially of his on whom all eyes were turned for that relief which it was not in his power to afford; even to her, who had the strongest of all claims on him for consolation, and whose peculiarly interesting situation demanded the utmost stretch of his sympathy.

The ship, apparently water-logged, was now observed to be settling fast forward. At every countenance exhibited a picture of despair; when, at this critical moment, the wind rapidly began to subside, which was no sooner announced to the people at the pumps, than their labours, which from a feeling of despondency, had previously languished, were resumed with renewed vigour; and such was the rapidity of the change in our favour, that one of the most dreadful of all storms was speedily lulled into a perfect calm; the ship once more rose freely to the sea, and by daylight on the following morning all the water was discharged from her.

The scene which now presented itself was of a di-

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ferent description, but still it was not without its alloy, and under any other circumstances it was one which might have excited feelings of despondency instead of excess of joy.

The ship lay a helpless wreck on the water, exposed to every surge of the sea, which had not subsided so rapidly as the wind, and which occasioned her to roll most awfully; and now, as she rose on the mountainous billow, every eye eagerly swept the horizon in search of the fleet, but all in vain, for not a ship could be seen; upon which we trembled for their fate. The bowsprit, fore-mast, mizen-mast, and main-top-mast, as before intimated, were all gone by the board, the whole of the live stock, (with a trifling exception,) consisting of 150 sheep, 30 pigs, 4 cows, 3 calves, 8 goats, and many hundred head of poultry, were washed overboard, or otherwise destroyed; nearly all the captain's stores, the medicine chest, and seamen's chests, with their contents, were in the same predicament. After an anxious scrutiny of the charts, no friendly port was found to be within reach of us; the nearest towards the east was Bencoolen, which, on account of the season of the year, was difficult of approach, and incapable of affording the relief we stood in need of. Towards the west was the Isle of France, then in possession of the French. To proceed direct to the Cape was an undertaking which, at the first blush of our situation, nobody conceived to be practicable. Still, upon a closer inspection of our resources, many difficulties were obviated, and our situation appeared to be far less desperate than we had first imagined. Our stock of water and salt provisions, which was considerable, was happily found to be uninjured: we had rice and spirits in abundance, Our spare stock of spars, which was also considerable, and well secured before the storm commenced, was safe; we had spare sails, canvas, and cordage sufficient, and we knew our situation to be on the verge of the south-east trade-wind, which blew direct towards the Cape, and the season for entering Table Bay was favourable. After due deliberation at a meeting of the officers of the ship, and the principal passengers, it was unanimously resolved to undertake the voyage to the Cape; and, as an encouragement to the crew to give their spontaneous exertions in favour of this great undertaking, a subscription was immediately entered into, with a view to replace their chests, clothes, &c. on our arrival at the Cape, which were lost in the storm. 700l. were raised for this purpose in the course of a few minutes (perhaps an unprecedented act of similar liberality,) which was no sooner communicated to the crew, than they gave three hearty cheers, and declared their readiness to perform every duty required of them; and never was a promise more rigidly fulfilled: however, in spite of these but seldom paralleled exertions, we were eleven weeks in reaching the destined port, after suffering many privations. Still I consider this as one of the happiest periods of my life; and judging from the number of cheerful countenances, and the unanimity which reigned throughout the ship, I much doubt whether it were not the lot of every soul on board. I cannot account for the fact, unless it were owing to the particular frame of mind we had imbibed from our recent conversation—a frame of mind which philosophy might spurn at, but which religion might have hailed as the precursor of the only solid happiness destined for man.

The day of our arrival in Table Bay was one of intense excitement, anxious as we naturally were, to ascertain the fate of a fleet from which we had separated eleven weeks before under such unpropitious circumstances. This suspense, however, was of short duration; our worthy commodore, with five of his convoy, were soon discovered to be safe at anchor in the Bay, the remaining three ships were missing, and, sad to tell, have never since been heard of. Of those which were safe, four, including the seventy-four-gun ship, had been in more or less danger of foundering in the storm; whilst two escaped with but little injury, owing, as it appeared from a comparison of journals, to their having escaped the brunt of the storm by being considerably to windward of the others; thus corroborating the theory with which I commenced, in my endeavours to prove that where the storm begins there will it soonest end; during a greater part of the third day, which was by far the most tempestuous with us, these two ships lay nearly becalmed.

Such were the disastrous effects of this memorable

hurricane, from a summary of which I think myself at liberty to draw the following practical inference: namely, that had we instantly attended to the timely warning of the Barometer, by bringing the ship to the wind, and making preparations for the storm, instead of scudding before it, until we could scud no longer, we should have escaped with as little injury as the two ships I have just alluded to; and that, had the three unfortunate ships, which founders in the storm, pursued a similar course, which it may be fairly presumed they did not, a very different fate might have befallen them too.

But lest this fatal catastrophe should be deemed a *solitary* instance, and consequently not sufficiently conclusive, I shall briefly advert to another hurricane which took place in the same neighbourhood, in the following year 1809, by another fleet of Indiamen, while under the command of the late Lord Exmouth.

On this occasion, four of the finest ships of the fleet, which, with their cargoes, were probably worth nearly two millions of money, and crowded with passengers from Calcutta, founders in the storm.

It is said that the last time they were seen, was by Lord Exmouth himself, when they were all four together, scudding before it, while the rest of the fleet were lying to, thus affording another melancholy example of the dangerous fallacy, which but too often leads on the commanders of vessels to scud before a tropical hurricane, instead of bringing them to the wind, and making every possible preparation to encounter it upon the first indication of its approach by the Barometer.

J. MARSHALL.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have seen with not a little pleasure an Astronomical Ephemeris, printed at the press of the Rajah of Travancore, and calculated for the meridian of the observatory recently established at Trevandrum, the capital of that state. Those who feel an interest in the intellectual progress of the people of India must be gratified to learn, that the computations for this work were all made by native youths of Travancore, who received their education at the free school maintained by the Rajah. His Highness, who still retains an independent sovereignty, and who is celebrated in India for the munificence with which he promotes the mental improvement of his subjects, came to a determination, in 1837, to establish at his capital an observatory of a superior kind; with the double view of affording his aid to the advancement of astronomical science, and of introducing, by its means, correct ideas of the principles of this science among the rising generation under his government. For the situation of Astronomer he chose Mr. John Caldecott; who, aided by Colonel Fraser, the British Resident at Travancore, decided on the plan of the building which is now erected, and which stands in latitude 8° 30' 35" N., longitude 76° 59' 45" E. Hitherto, the observations have been carried on with small though excellent instruments belonging to Mr. Caldecott; but his Highness the Rajah intends to furnish it with the finest instruments to be procured in Europe, having, for this purpose, secured the services of T. Jones, T. Simms, and Dollond. After describing the instruments in preparation, Mr. Caldecott observes in his preface to the Ephemeris:—

"Besides these principal instruments, the observatory will be completely furnished with meteorological, magnetic and pendulum instruments and apparatus; and the assistance afforded by his Highness, in the observing and computing departments, is as complete and liberal as in every other part of the establishment. I may also take this opportunity of announcing that a system of hourly observations throughout the day and night, of the thermometer, barometer, and hygrometer, has already been commenced at this observatory, the result of which will be duly made public; and this, as supplying an important desideratum in the science of meteorology, will doubtless be received by all cultivators of that branch of physics with the consideration and gratitude which the present Rajah of Travancore will by it eminently entitle himself to." Science and civilization once firmly established in the independent state of Travancore, at the extremity of the peninsula of India, can hardly fail to spread northward, and to carry with them a disposition to ameliorate the general condition of the people.

More than one of our contemporaries has quoted, with entire trust and satisfaction, the raptures of the Parisian feuilletonists at the new symphony by M. Berlioz, dedicated to Paganini, which was announced by us some weeks since, and very recently performed with great applause. The symphony seems to go a step beyond its composer's former attempts. The Parisians ascribe the choice of its subject to impressions produced by the tragic performances of Miss Smithson, now Mad. Berlioz. It is 'Romeo and Juliet' musically illustrated, with an explanatory prologue, sung by a chorus in harmonized recitative, and containing occasional vocal solos, and a final chorus. The introduction represents the strife between the houses of Montagu and Capulet—the *allegro*, the masquerade scene—the *scherzo*, Mercutio's description of Queen Mab—and the two last movements, Juliet's dirge, the sepulchral scenes, and the reconciliation of the two hostile families. To ourselves, however, while we rejoice that any artist working sincerely and earnestly shall be recognized by his townsmen and contemporaries, the praise triumphantly showered on M. Berlioz hardly seems conclusive. Reserving for a future day the discussion of the limits of descriptive music, which, though finely, seem to us not indistinctly traced, we cannot but suggest a consideration to those who are now implicitly adopting Paganini's *dictum*, and hailing Berlioz as a new Beethoven. They cannot surely have forgotten, that many sound and liberal musicians seriously contest the merit of the works by the German master, the style of which it appears to be the aim of M. Berlioz to exaggerate and surpass: they will not deny that, even were their merit universally admitted, it is one thing to be led forwards to bold and surprising effects through a series of simpler and more symmetrical compositions, and another to be called upon to credit a composer with a melodious and versatile genius, on the strength of productions in which elaboration and singularity predominate. Of the rare requisite just named (and how many excellencies had Beethoven besides!) the French press says little in praising the 'Romeo and Juliet' symphony; while it is loud in extolling the skill and the quaintness and the gigantic proportions of its combinations. This remark is not uncalled for; inasmuch as there is danger of the French school of music being destroyed by an apparent mania on the part of its professors to exceed the Germanisms of the German school; but, having made it, we wish for nothing better than an opportunity of judging for ourselves, if not in Paris, in our own Philharmonic Concert Room, that is, if the directors by a wise choice of their conductor, and a liberal allowance of rehearsals, will ensure the French composer against such evil treatment as fell to Spohr's lot, on the occasion of their last lamentable performance of a far plainer work, his descriptive symphony, 'The Power of Sound.'

If the reports from Frankfort may be believed, the marriage of our young Queen is likely to add another to our list of bards—though in a foreign tongue. In letters from thence, it is stated that Prince Albert is a poet of no mean talent; having formerly published at Bonn, for the benefit of the poor, a collection of songs—which were set to music by his brother Ernest.

A letter from Weimar gives the interesting intelligence, that amongst the papers of Goethe, have been found the manuscripts of an epic poem, called 'Charlemagne,' a tragedy, two dramas, and several fugitive pieces: and the *Artiste* announces that there has just been discovered, in a chateau in Normandy, a series of autograph letters from Jean Jacques Rousseau to the Marquis de Verdeline, which will fill up an important vacuum in his Confessions.

Prince Alexander Hadgeri is about to publish, from the Imperial press of the University of Moscow, a gigantic work, which has occupied him thirty years,—Dictionary in Turkish, Arabic, Persian, and French. During his long diplomatic career at the Porte, he states that he, in common with other persons, wishing to make themselves acquainted with the Turkish language, experienced great inconvenience from the want of such assistance, as the great mixture of Arabic and Persian presents one of the most serious obstacles to its acquirement. The work has received the approbation of Von Hammer, the late Silvestre de Sacy, Rosenzweig, and others, and 200 copies have been subscribed for by the Sultan.

It is publishing at the expense of the Russian government, and the Emperor Nicholas has accepted its dedication. The prospectus and accompanying specimen give a splendid idea of the progress of typography in Russia.

It appears, that M. Didron, Count Anatole de Sainte-Aldegonde, and M. Emmanuel Durand, who are engaged in exploring the Christian antiquities of Greece, have lately traversed Thessaly, and ascended to the Meteors. The Meteors is a name given to some famous Thessalian convents, reared on the very peaks of inaccessible rocks, one hundred and eighty feet in height. They are reached by means of open nets, drawn up by a cable and capstan. M. Pouqueville, and Ali, pacha of Janina, remained at the base of these gigantic needles, unwilling to attempt the airy path of ascension. The principal and most elevated of these monasteries, —that which has the name of *Meteor par excellence*, —possesses a refectory, cellar, and kitchen, which are veritable architectural monuments,—three churches and a chapel, which are more remarkable still. The church in which the monks officiate, is very large; painted and gilded all over, and decorated in every part with figures. From the Meteors, the three French travellers departed for Salonica, by the plain of Pharsalia, the river Peneus, the Vale of Tempe, and the fields of Pieria.

By way of comment on the letter of a correspondent respecting the awakened desire in Prussia to preserve the works of the Middle Ages, a friend writes to us:—"It is not merely by allotting certain sums for keeping in good preservation the fine buildings bequeathed to our admiration by the Middle Ages, and at least protecting from the devastation of time those left incomplete, like the magnificent Cologne Cathedral, that the King of Prussia proves his respect for, and patronage of, the arts. He is likewise a zealous promoter of excavations, made for the purpose of bringing to light the long-buried monuments of Roman dominion in his recently-acquired provinces on the left bank of the Rhine. When the ecclesiastical electorate of Treves was assigned to him at the last settlement of Europe, it was scarcely known, I believe, that the capital of the secularized principality still possessed many such monuments, over which the plough of the unconscious peasant habitually passed, although a portion of old wall, with what was deemed an arched doorway, forming part of a cottage inclosure, was held to be of great antiquity, and probably the remains of a town wall. Many relics of Roman architecture, are now, thanks to the King's wise munificence, among the lions of Treves; and the supposed doorway in the old wall, proves to be an upper window of the Thermal Baths. If these ruins are still not to be seen in such completeness of detail as the lapse of centuries has suffered them to retain, the cause of the antiquary's mortification is honourable to the heart of the royal excavator, for the sum allotted to these excavations is ordered to be therein expended only during the winter season, when the agricultural operative labourer is out of work. Hence, the slowness with which the operation of fully uncovering the buildings proceeds."

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**SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY**

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 30.—The Anniversary Meeting was this day held, the Marquis of Northampton in the chair.

The following were elected the new Council:—

The following were elected the new Council:—  
**President**—The Marquis of Northampton. **Treasurer**—John William Lubbock, Esq., M.A. **Secretary**—

—John William Lubbock, Esq., M.A. *Secretary*  
—Peter Mark Roget, M.D.; Samuel Hunter

Christie, Esq., M.A. *Foreign Secretary*—John Frederick Daniell, Esq. *Other Members of the Council*—Sir John Barrow, Bart.; Francis Baily, Esq.; Thomas Bell, Esq.; John Davy, M.D.; Bryan Donkin, Esq.; Edward Forster, Esq.; Thomas Gal loway, Esq., M.A.; Thomas Graham, Esq.; Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., M.A.; Francis Kiernan, Esq.; John Lindley, Esq.; Phil. D.; Richard Owen, Esq.; Richard Phillips, Esq.; Major Edward Sabine, R.A.; Robert Bently Todd, M.D.; John Taylor, Esq.

*Taylor, Esq.*  
The Fellows whose names are printed in Italics  
were not Members of the last Council.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 4.—The Rev. Prof. Buckland, D.D., President, in the chair.

A paper was first read, describing some of the soft parts, and the shape of the hind-fin of the Ichthyosaurus as when recent, by Richard Owen, Esq.—Mr. Owen commenced by observing that hitherto the exact shape and the nature of the soft parts of the paddle of the Ichthyosaurus have been matter of conjecture, the osseous frame-work having been alone the subject of direct observation. He then stated, that the deviation of these locomotive organs from the reptilian and mammalian types had been recognized, as well as their resemblance to the fine

type of fishes, and not to that of the cetaceous mammals; and therefore prepare us to receive with less surprise the evidence of a malacoptygian structure of the fin, afforded by the presence of a series of soft bifurcated rays in the posterior fold of the natatory integument. The specimen which formed the subject of this communication, was the property of Mr. Lee, of Barrow-on-Soar; and its important peculiarities, were detected by Sir Philip Egerton, during an examination of Mr. Lee's fossil saurian remains.

A paper was afterwards read, on as much of the great Grauwacke System as is comprised in the group of West Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, by the Rev. D. Williams. This communication is supplementary to one read in April last, (See *Athenaeum*, No. 598,) and gives the results of the author's latest investigations into the structure of Devonshire and Cornwall. In the previous paper, he stated that the sedimentary formations composing those counties consisted, in descending order, of No. 9, Floriferous slates, (the culm measures of central Devon); No. 8, a series of beds which he calls the Coddon Hill grits, and No. 7, Trilobite slates forming the south of Devon and Cornwall. In the present communication, however, he states that he was wrong in considering the sedimentary mass of those districts as belonging to No. 7, recent observations having convinced him that it is composed of a separate formation more recent than No. 9, and which he proposes to range as No. 10, and to call Killas or Cornish. According to this view, he considers the culm measures (No. 9) as a very old Greywacke system, and he places them below the limestones and slates of Southern Devon and Cornwall, but above the newest strata of Exmoor. His reasons for proposing these changes are drawn from observations made at the following localities. Between Dodington and Chudleigh the Posidonia limestone, part of No. 8, is stated to be exhibited underlying a long series of alternations of Coddon Hill grits and floriferous rocks (No. 9), with intercalated Killas; and these are said to dip under the Chudleigh limestones, which pass *abreath* under the ridge of Ugbrook, considered by Mr. Williams as a part of the floriferous series. A similar order of succession is stated to be traceable foot by foot on the road by Greyleigh and descending to Wadton Barton. At Meedfont Sands, the author says, there is a strange association, yet in regular stratified order, of Cornish clay slates, buff-coloured finely arenaceous strata containing fossils, true floriferous grit, slates with culm, volcanic ash, and coral limestones, forming an anticlinal axis, which throws off the great mass of the Torquay limestone. To the east of Dartmoor, Mr. Williams has little doubt that similar alternations occur; and to the west of it, he mentions a line of country between Greston Bridge on the Tamar, and Heathfield, the neighbourhood of Tavistock, the shaft sunk in the copper lode on the road from that town towards Callington; also the vicinity of Climsland to the north of Callington, and the country thence to Saltash, more particularly a section near Penter's Cross, as exhibiting proofs of the floriferous series passing beneath the slates and limestone of southern Devon and Cornwall. Mr. Williams is further of opinion that his uppermost group, or No. 10, is distinguished from the strata composing the Quantocks in North Devon, by certain peculiarities in its physical structure. In the latter range of hills, the angle of cleavage of the slates is  $10^{\circ}$  or less, and the direction east and west; while, according to his observations, the cleavage of the Killas coincides nearly with the true magnetic meridian, and the angle of inclination approaches  $90^{\circ}$ . Finally, Mr. Williams objects to conclusions respecting the relative age of formations deduced from organic remains, preferring those drawn from mineral composition; and he protests against the attempt to prove the geological structure of Devonshire and Cornwall, by reference to that of any other country.

## ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 8.—Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., President, in the chair.

B. Botfield, Esq., the Rev. W. Dealtry, D.D., and Major E. Sabine, were elected Fellows.

The following communications were read

“On the determination of the Orbits of Comets, from Observations,” by G. B. Airy, Esq.—The author begins by remarking, that the generality given by

Laplace to the investigation of the orbits of comets is so complete, and the variations on the method introduced by other writers so numerous, that, as regards generality and facility, the subject may probably be considered as exhausted. The method which is developed in the present memoir professes to be merely a modification of Laplace's method, directed by considerations of a purely practical nature, which are known to the working astronomer; but which, probably, have not occurred to the distinguished mathematicians, who have laboured on the theoretical difficulties of the problem. "Every method," the author remarks, "which I have yet seen requires that the observed geocentric places of the comet be reduced to longitude and latitude. The places must, however, in the first instance, be observed in right ascension and declination. Now, the conversion of right ascension and declination into longitude and latitude is one of the most troublesome operations that commonly occurs. It requires the use of 7-figure logarithms, and is liable to errors. An alteration in one original A.R. or declination, requires a complete repetition of the calculations; and when all is done, the elements of the comet's orbit are obtained as referred to the ecliptic; and, for convenience of calculating predicted places, it is generally necessary to refer them back to the equator. For these reasons it has long since appeared to me desirable, that the orbits should be deduced at once from the right ascensions and declinations. Since I have become familiar with the instruments used for observing comets, an additional reason has suggested itself. It is known that on the assumption of a parabolic orbit, the equation given by three complete observations, or by observations which furnish the A.R. and declination at a certain time, and their first and second differential coefficients, are one more than are necessary; and, therefore, it rests with the computer to use his discretion in rejecting one of the observations. Now, it often happens that the instrumental or observing errors in right ascension are of an order quite different from those in declination; and, if the method of computation proceeds at once from right ascensions and declinations, the astronomer can at once determine which of the observations ought to be rejected in the calculation, on the score of possible inaccuracy in the observation." The principal objection which has been made to Laplace's method is the trouble of investigating the differential coefficients of the spherical co-ordinates. It must be avowed, that the process pointed out by Laplace is very laborious; but it may also be asserted that the principal part of the labour is introduced without any necessity. Three observations, made at proper intervals, are sufficient to give the motion of the comet in either direction, and its two differential coefficients, with an amount of labour that is quite insignificant; or a great number may be introduced by a simple process well known to every computer, and involving very little trouble. In the present paper it is shown, that by adopting for epoch the middle time between the first and second observation the great mass of the calculations of every kind may be made immediately after the second observation; and the operation, therefore, completed in a very short time after the third. The author divides his paper into three sections. In the first he gives the "theory", or analytical solution of the problem. After pointing out the general equation, and noticing the several instances in which it fails, and having given the methods for finding the distance and its differential coefficient, the author concludes this section with an indication of the process by which the elements of the orbit are computed. In the rules for the selection of the equations on the parabolic assumption, some considerations are introduced which are new and important.

The second section contains remarks on the method of obtaining numerical values of the differential coefficients of the right ascension and declination from the observations. In the use of these quantities, what we have to consider is, not the effect of absolute error in their values, but of proportional error. An error of a single second in the value of the second differential coefficient of A.R. may produce an ultimate error as great as would be produced by twenty seconds in the value of the first differential coefficient; or as great as would be produced by ten minutes in the A.R. itself. This consideration allows

the computer to determine many of the numbers which enter into the equations after the second observation. The third and last section of the Memoir gives practical rules for the computation of the observations. The successive steps of the process, from the first observations to the determination of the different elements of the orbit, and the values of the quantities required for predicting geocentric places, are minutely and distinctly stated, so that the ordinary computer will find no difficulty in applying the method.

2. Extract of a Letter from Professor Schumacher, relative to the determination of differences of Longitude, by observations of Shooting Stars. M. Schumacher states that although observations of shooting stars have long since been proposed by Mr. Benzenberg as a means of determining differences of longitude, no attempt has yet been made to carry the plan into practice. With a view to ascertain the degree of exactness with which such observations can be made, he resolved to make some trials on the night of the 10th of last August. He preferred to observe the extinction of the meteor, because its apparition gives warning, and in some measure prepares the observer for the phenomenon. Having given no notice of his intention to other astronomers, he had no expectation of obtaining corresponding observations; but was agreeably surprised when he subsequently obtained them from Bremen, Breslau, and even Königsberg. They did not give very accurate differences of longitude, because the observers at those places had observed the apparition and not the extinction, and because, not having the same object in view, they did not ascertain the equation of the clock with precision. Nevertheless the observations gave approximate differences, and showed that the method is practicable.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY, Nov. 29th (Anniversary Meeting), J. E. Gray, Esq. F.R.S. &c. in the chair.—The Secretary read the Report of the Council, from which it appeared that 26 members had been elected since the last Anniversary Meeting, and that the Society now consisted of 118 members. The number of British plants received consisted of 491 genera, 1291 species, including 24,860 specimens; and the distribution to the members will take place in February next. Every species of British fern had been received presented by Mrs. Riley. The attention of the members was directed to completing the *Genera Rosa Rubas* and *Salix*. Between five and six thousand foreign plants had been received. A ballot then took place, when J. E. Gray, Esq. was re-elected President, and he nominated J. G. Children, Esq. V.P.R.S., and Dr. D. C. Macreight, F.L.S., Vice Presidents.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	{ Asiatic Society .....	Two, P.M.
MON.	Geographical Society .....	Eight.
TUES.	{ Zoological Society ( <i>Sci. Bus.</i> ) .....	1 p. Eight.
MON.	Society of Arts ( <i>Illus.</i> ) .....	Eight.
WED.	{ Literary Fund .....	Three.
WED.	{ Medicinal-Botanical Society .....	Eight.
WED.	{ Society of Arts .....	1 p. Seven.
THUR.	Royal Academy ( <i>Anatom. Lect.</i> ) .....	1 p. Eight.
THUR.	Royal Society of Literature .....	Four.
FRID.	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight.
FRID.	Astronomical Society .....	Three.

#### FINE ARTS

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In days when the English taste unhappily manifests a tendency towards the tawdry and the meretricious, it would be unjust to pass hastily over a work so pure in intention and so thoughtfully executed as the *Outlines to Illustrate a Moral Allegory*, entitled, 'The Fighte of Free Wille,' by Richard Westmacott, Jun. The series consists of eight designs, and the allegory displays the progress of the human soul from infancy to manhood, under the alternate influences of its good and evil angel. The idea is not very original; it may have been suggested by Retzsch's 'Game of Chess,' or Burger's ballad of the Wild Huntsman, where, as all lovers of legend will recollect, two horsemen joined the Wildgrave's train, and alternately checked and incited him in the commission of his act of sacrilege.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,

His smile was like the morn of May;

The left, from eye of tawny glare,

Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

*Scott's Translation.*

But Mr. Westmacott has treated the allegory in a manner original and individual. His designs in their subdued simplicity bear traces of his labours in marble; yet they are neither meagre, nor like some which we have seen by other hands, vacant, from a mistaken determination to attain simplicity. The monitory and tempting Spirits are only distinguished by countenance and attitude, for the artist has disdained even the ruffled plumes or the disordered drapery, which many would have considered as necessary tokens of the presence of a Power of Darkness. In the choice of his separate subjects, too, there is the same careful avoidance of all that is grotesque and extravagant. In one we see the young pilgrim, 'Free Wille,' tempted by the purse of a sleeping traveller; in another, the course of his studies is turned towards dark and sceptical philosophy by the tempter behind him, while his guardian angel kneels, in drooping sorrow, with hair unbound and cheek averted—a cheek which, *we feel*, is wet with compassionate tears. This is the best design of the series. The group of 'Benevolence,' where the youth visits the bed of sickness, is also good; and the two scenes of 'Love' and 'Passion,' the one all purity, the other all desire, are finely contrasted, but both treated with great delicacy. The series closes with 'Repentance,' and the triumph of virtuous principle, while the Evil Spirit, now despairing of further ascendancy, departs.

Murmuring, and with him fly the shades of night.

We shall be glad if the success of this beautiful work be such as to induce Mr. Westmacott to "dream again."

Mr. Edwin Landseer's 'Member of the Humane Society,' engraved in mezzotinto, and that very finely, by Mr. Thomas Landseer, is one of the grandest animal subjects we have had for a long time; for, besides imposing stature and weight of limb, there is power and composure in the complete repose of the noble dog, as he lies couched, his fore-feet overhanging the edge of a pier of hewn granite. The massive simplicity of the foreground contributes its part to the prevailing character of the picture.

We must also notice a fine portrait of the 'Lord Rector of Glasgow College,' by Linnell, engraved in mezzotint, by James Scott; and a large lithograph, after the 'St. John' of Poussin, by Weld Taylor; in which, though the drawing of the eyes might, we think, be amended, there is breadth and brightness of effect.

One of the most interesting, if not one of the most beautiful works, which has lately appeared, is 'Picturesque Architecture in Paris, Ghent, Antwerp, Rouen, &c.' drawn from nature, and on stone, by T. Shottter Boys. It contains twenty-six views of the remains of the architecture of the middle ages, including some fine specimens but little known, as well as many familiar to the traveller. It is also, we are informed in the 'Introductory Notice,' the first, and as yet the only attempt, "to imitate pictorial effects of landscape architecture in chromo-lithography"—that is to say, the drawings are produced entirely by lithography, printed with oil-colours, and come from the press precisely as they appear in the work before us. Mr. Boys states that, in developing the capabilities of the art, he "has aimed at difference of style in his manner of treatment, as well as at variety in the aspects of nature." Thus, in the view of the Abbaye of St. Amand, Rouen, he has endeavoured to present the appearance of a crayon sketch brightened with colour; in that of the Sainte Chapelle, Paris, a sepia drawing, with touches of colour—St. Laurent, a finished water-colour drawing—the Court of the Hôtel Cluny an oil painting—in the view of the Tuilleries, the effect is that of a bright sunny day; and bright and beautiful it is, and the only sunlight we have seen for the last month—in that of St. Etienne we have a moonlight effect, and so on with other specimens. And very interesting they all are, doing great credit to the artists, amongst whom we must include Mr. Hullmandel, who, Mr. Boys states, personally superintended the progress of the work, and to whom it is dedicated. We were, indeed, so much struck with the specimens, to which we alluded in our notice of Mr. Nash's Mansions (No. 620), that we have sought a somewhat detailed account of this new process, in the belief that it may interest our readers.

In the splendid views of the Alhambra, by Mr.

Jones, the colours are all opaque, flat, ungraduated tints; the gradations of colour being supplied by the under, or ground tint of black, or by positive hues in lines: in the views in Mr. Gally Knight's work, printed in colours, the hues are also flat tints, neither blended nor graduated, except in one out-door view: whereas, in Mr. Boys's work, the skies, and all the smooth tints, are laid in with the 'stump,' a flat leather tool, which is charged with grease and applied to the stone, producing a close-textured tint like a wash, and to the use of this (freely employed in Hardinge's and Nash's sketches), the resemblance of the skies to a tint "floated," as the water-colour painters term it, is owing; and also that solid substance of the buildings, remarkable in the Court of the Hôtel Cluny, in the work before us. The skies, however, do not in all instances print so evenly as is desirable; which is said to be owing to the difficulty of finding a blue to unite with the varnish, or vehicle of colour. The process of drawing is this: the artist first sketches the forms, and sharp, strong shadows, on a stone, which is printed in black, grey, or brown, according to the effect required. From this skeleton or framework of the picture, impressions are thrown on to other stones, as a guide for laying on the subsequent tints. The next printing generally adds the broad effects of shadow to give substance and force, and is usually of a warm neutral tint: then follow the colours, printed from two or three stones, as the case may be. In printing, the primitive colours are generally produced at once; the purplish blues are produced by blue over red, the greens by yellow over blue, and so with other compound transparent tints. This is the point that appears to stamp the artistic character of the process; and its capabilities of producing solid, transparent, and harmonious tints, of great depth and purity. The day-light clearness of the effects, and the aerial brightness of the atmosphere, are immediately apparent; and also the equal vividness with which local colouring and general effects, as sunset, moonlight, are imitated. The defects of the art at present appear to be the difficulty of "registering," with unerring accuracy, the successive tints, so that each subsequent impression shall fit exactly in its place. The paper, being damped, and dried again, shrinks; and when re-wetted does not expand as at first, owing perhaps to the pressure in printing; this, and any carelessness of the printer, causes inaccuracies, visible to a scrutinizing glance, though but rarely impairing the general effect. Then the trouble and uncertainty of preserving the same intensity of colour in all the impressions, so that the relative value of the several tints may be maintained throughout, is a drawback; but still these are but trifling objections. The improvement on hand-colouring is evident; especially as the tints are brighter than washes of colour on a print, the oil colours on paper having a very chaste and pure effect. It should also be borne in mind, that this work by Mr. Boys is the *first* of its kind; and therefore the art must be considered as experimental and progressive: the appearance of drawing with the crayon, which is visible in some of the plates before us, need not be; for the utmost degree of perfection, attained in any single view, is equally attainable in every one, where desired.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.—The management is at least entitled to the credit of activity in bringing novelties on the stage, but its zeal outruns discretion, and success is not in all cases answerable. On Monday a new *Romeo* and a new *Juliet* were brought forward: the *Romeo*, Mr. Maddox, appeared very pleased with his own exertions—which were prodigious—and he certainly amused the audience abundantly. But laughter being detrimental to tragic interest, Mr. Elton has taken his place: the accession of pathos, however, is by no means commensurate with the loss of fun consequent on this change. The *Juliet*, Miss Emmeline Montague, is a very nice, clever little girl of sixteen, who delivered the dialogue with a distinctness of utterance that is quite "refreshing" in these "ranting, roaring" days, and went through the pantomime of emotion in a manner that showed she had conned her lesson by rote so well, that even the terror of such an ordeal as a first appearance on the London boards, could not put her out; indeed, we

never saw more self-possession exhibited than by this child; she manifests intelligence too, and is quite unassuming; and had Miss Montague appeared as *Maria* in the "School for Scandal," or some unimportant girl's part, we should have been able to speak of her as an acquisition to the stage, which at present, and in a part so entirely beyond her powers, and we think, moreover, out of her line, we regret we cannot do. "A Night in the Bastille," a translation of a popular French piece, called *Mademoiselle de Brie*, which turns upon an *amour* of the profligate Due de Richelieu, was received with a degree of favour that shows the English audience to be not over-scrupulous as to the subject of a play, provided it is cleverly put together, which this is. Mrs. Stirling plays the heroine, *Gabrielle de Brionne*, a young lady whose honour is compromised by her unconsciously becoming the object of an infamous wager between the dissolute courtiers, and the earnestness of her acting atoned for as light degree of *brusquerie* in her manner; indeed, had the situations in which she is placed been less disagreeable, and the incidents that lead to them less repulsive, her performance would have been really affecting. Dramas of this sort, in which licentious scenes are implied that cannot be represented, and the characters are for the most part profligates, who regard vice and virtue with equal levity, may pass on the Parisian stage, when skinned over by the lightness and address of French actors, but in an English theatre, where they are forced on the attention by hard, mechanical players, devoid of tact and elegance, and where the audience take the moral to their hearts, look upon the incidents as real, and applaud the *act* and the *character* as well as the player and the scene, the effect is very different. True, in this instance, the heroine's fair fame is vindicated, and the assailant of it confesses his rascality; but instead of being humbled, he owns his guilt with the effrontery of a polished scoundrel, and apologizes with the complacent air of a gallant who plumes himself on his audacity; and the lover of the lady, who had reproached his mistress with unchastity in the most unqualified terms, and had challenged the offender, now comes forward and offers his hand to him "as his best friend." The "moral" of all this, if it have any, is of a very doubtful kind; what with English thieves and French debauchées, the stage is just now prettily peopled.

*Improvement in Paddle-wheels.*—A series of experiments was gone through on Friday (the 29th ult.) in the West India Docks, for the purpose of testing the capabilities of a new form of propeller, invented we believe by Mr. Rennie. According to a report in the *Morning Advertiser*, "the mode by which the propelling power is conveyed to the vessel is not dissimilar to the old wheels; the improvement being principally in the arrangement and form of the floats, which are not very unlike the canoe paddles used by many of the South Sea Islanders. The more obvious advantages derived from the present invention, consist in a reduction of more than one-half in the breadth of the paddle-wheel and boxes; consequently, the same amount in the superficial area of the floats, with at the same time an increase of effective power, which, differently from the common method, act with their length vertically, thereby giving so much additional compactness to the whole. The other and more practical advantages are in the smoothness of the motion, creating little or no agitation in the wake of the vessel, a desideratum in river or other confined navigation,—the facility of suiting the immersion to the variable draught of the vessel,—above all, the perfect equalization of the power to the effect in every portion of the float. We understand that the plan theoretically has met with the approbation of Professor Barlow, and other scientific men. The experiment was tried upon a beautiful little vessel, and in a succession of trips made during the course of the afternoon, up and down the spacious area of the import dock, it was particularly remarked the ease with which she turned and threaded her way among the numerous craft lying in the basin."

To CORRESPONDENTS.—W. W. received. We have nothing to do with the dispute between Mr. Arnold and his partner.—N. is in error; "The Outcast" was noticed No. 489. What then become of his conjectural reasons for our "total silence"?

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Edinburgh, 5, St. Andrew-square.

MANUFACTURES OF PLATES.—Tales of Tales, or Tales of Proposals to meet any particular convenience or effect any specific object, will be transmitted to parties desirous of obtaining them; and all official communications of this nature are considered as strictly confidential.

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BRADFORD ..... Geo. Rogers, Horton-road.  
HUDDERSFIELD ..... Hugh Watt, Banker.

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